

A BOOK OF ENGLISH PROSE



Selected and Edited

by

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Waltair*



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INTRODUCTION

The study and teaching of Prose can be a real pleasure, and it is in the hope that my book may make some contribution to that pleasure that I present it to the reader. I have tried in making the selections to choose matter that is inherently interesting and covers a wide range of thought and action, to give fairly long extracts from authors whose reputation has been established and to show the continuity of tradition in prose writing. This explains why the material has been arranged chronologically in sections and why topics of Indian interest have been included. Snippets, which have become all too common in anthologies these days, have been avoided. The result is that the careful reader will find here models of the best English writing from the 17th century to the present day. The book is not over-burdened with extracts from living writers. Their books are available in college libraries, they can be understood without much difficulty and the teacher will constantly draw attention to them. The classical writers, on the other hand, may be easily missed and the student needs instruction if they are to be understood aright. Without them the rich inheritance of English prose has no meaning, and a study of them is the foundation for all enjoyment of prose writing to-day.

A word to the teacher from one who has been teaching prose to College students for twenty years may not be out of place. The good teacher will strive to create in each class the atmosphere necessary for the appreciation of a work of art. He can do this best by transporting the student on the magic carpet of imagination to the place and time with which the lesson deals. He will explain the author's purpose and indicate how he has attempted to realise it. He will thus place before the student the two great aspects of literary art: the glowing thought and the flaming vesture it needs to be endowed with before it can reach its goal. All study is ultimately a spiritual experience, and the teacher cannot be satisfied until every student in his class shares his own experience of the joys of literary study.

A. F. T.

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LIFE AND FAITH

I. THE PILGRIM'S BURDEN

BY JOHN BUNYAN

From *The Pilgrim's Progress*

NO ANTHOLOGY of English prose would be representative without an extract from a book which has, next to the Bible, exercised the most powerful influence upon English-speaking peoples throughout the world. When Bunyan wrote his *Pilgrim's Progress* in Bedford gaol, in 1676, he little imagined, tinker as he was, that his book would become a classic; that different people would find different things of value in it. And yet it is so. The historian of literature finds in it one of the important links in the development of the novel, and acclaims it as the best prose allegory in English. To the student of religion it is the highest expression of the Puritan faith. The child delights endlessly in the many pictures it contains—the Slough of Despond, Doubting Castle, Vanity Fair, the Fight with Apollyon, to mention only a few. *Pilgrim's Progress* will live as long as the language, because it is the portrayal of a great experience in words which are simple and yet deeply moving in their effect.

As I walked through the wilderness of this world, I lighted on a certain place, where was a den; and I laid me down in that place to sleep; and as I slept, I dreamed a dream. I dreamed, and, behold, I saw a man clothed with rags, standing in a certain place, with his face from his own house, a book in his hand,

and a great burden upon his back. I looked, and saw him open the book, and read therein ; and as he read, he wept and trembled ; and not being able longer to contain, he brake out with a lamentable cry, saying, “ What shall I do ? ”

In this plight, therefore, he went, and refrained himself as long as he could, that his wife and children should not perceive his distress ; but he could not be silent long, because that his trouble increased. Wherefore at length he brake his mind to his wife and children ; and thus he began to talk to them : “ O my dear wife,” said he, “ and you, the children of my bowels, I, your dear friend, am in myself undone, by reason of a burden that lieth hard upon me ; moreover, I am for certain informed that this our city will be burned with fire from heaven, in which fearful overthrow, both myself, with thee, my wife, and you, my sweet babes, shall miserably come to ruin, except (the which yet I see not) some way of escape can be found, whereby we may be delivered.” At this, his relations were sore amazed ; not for that they believed that what he had said to them was true, but because they thought that some frenzy distemper had got into his head ; therefore, it drawing towards night, and they hoping that sleep might settle his brains, with all haste they got him to bed. But the night was as troublesome to him as the day ; wherefore, instead of sleeping, he spent it in sighs and tears. So when the morning was come, they would know how he did ; he told them,

worse and worse; he also set to talking to them again, but they began to be hardened. They also thought to drive away his distemper by harsh and surly carriages to him. Sometimes they would deride, sometimes they would chide, and sometimes they would quite neglect him. Wherefore he began to retire himself to his chamber to pray for, and pity them, and also to condole his own misery. He would also walk solitarily in the fields, sometimes reading, and sometimes praying and thus for some days he spent his time.

Now I saw upon a time, when he was walking in the fields, that he was, as he was wont, reading in his book, and greatly distressed in his mind; and as he read, he burst out, as he had done before, crying, "What shall I do to be saved?"

I saw also that he looked this way and that way, as if he would run; yet he stood still, because, as I perceived, he could not tell which way to go. I looked then, and saw a man named Evangelist coming to him, who asked, "Wherefore dost thou cry?"

He answered, Sir, I perceive by the book in my hand, that I am condemned to die, and after that to come to judgment; and I find that I am not willing to do the first, nor able to do the second.

Then said Evangelist, Why not willing to die, since this life is attended with so many evils? The man answered, Because I fear that this burden that

is upon my back will sink me lower than the grave; and I shall fall into Tophet. And, Sir, if I be not fit to go to prison, I am not fit, I am sure, to go to judgment, and from thence to execution; and the thoughts of these things make me cry.

Then said Evangelist, If this be thy condition, why standest thou still? He answered, Because I know not whither to go. Then he gave him a parchment roll, and there was written within, "Fly from the wrath to come."

The man, therefore, read it, and looking upon Evangelist very carefully, said, Whither must I fly? Then said Evangelist, pointing with his finger over a very wide field, Do you see yonder wicket-gate? The man said, No. Then said the other, Do you see yonder shining light? He said, I think I do. Then said Evangelist, Keep that light in your eye, and go up directly thereto, so shalt thou see the gate; at which, when thou knockest, it shall be told thee what thou shalt do.

So I saw in my dream that the man began to run. Now he had not run far from his own door, but his wife and children perceiving it, began to cry after him to return; but the man put his fingers in his ears, and ran on, crying, Life! Life! Eternal Life! So he looked not behind him, but fled towards the middle of the plain.

The neighbours also came out to see him run, and as he ran, some mocked, others threatened, and

some cried after him to return; and among those that did so, there were two that were resolved to fetch him back by force. The name of the one was Obstinate, and the name of the other Pliable. Now by this time, the man was got a good distance from them; but, however, they were resolved to pursue him; which they did, and in a little time they overtook him. Then said the man, Neighbours, wherefore are ye come? They said, To persuade you to go back with us. But he said, That can by no means be. You dwell, said he, in the City of Destruction, the place also where I was born; I see it to be so; and dying there, sooner or later, you will sink lower than the grave, into a place that burns with fire and brimstone. Be content, good neighbours, and go along with me.

What, said Obstinate, and leave our friends and our comforts behind us!

Yes, said Christian, for that was his name, because that all which you shall forsake is not worthy to be compared with a little of that which I am seeking to enjoy; and if you go along with me, and hold it, you shall fare as I myself, for there, where I go, is enough and to spare. Come away, and prove my words.

Obstinate: What are the things you seek, since you leave all the world to find them?

Christian: I seek an "inheritance incorruptible, undefiled, and that fadeth not away," and it is laid up in heaven, and safe there, to be bestowed, at the

time appointed, on them that diligently seek it. Read it so, if you will, in my book.

Tush, said Obstinate, away with your book; will you go back with us, or no?

No, not I, saith the other; because I have laid my hand to the plough.

Obstinate: Come, then, neighbour Pliable, let us turn again, and go home without him; there is a company of these crazed-headed coxcombs, that when they take a fancy by the end, are wiser in their own eyes than seven men that can render a reason. Then said Pliable, Do not revile; if what the good Christian says is true, the things he looks after are better than ours; my heart inclines to go with my neighbour.

And I will go back to my place, said Obstinate; I will be no companion of such misled fantastical fellows.

Now I saw in my dream, that when Obstinate was gone back, Christian and Pliable went talking over the plain.

Pliable: Well, my good companion, come on, let us mend our pace.

Christian: I cannot go so fast as I would, by reason of this burden that is on my back.

Now I saw in my dream, that, just as they had ended their talk, they drew near to a very miry slough that was in the midst of the plain; and they, being

heedless, did both fall suddenly into the bog. The name of the slough was Despond. Here, therefore, they wallowed for a time, being grievously bedaubed with the dirt; and Christian, because of the burden that was on his back, began to sink in the mire.

Then said Pliable, 'Ah! neighbour Christian, where are you now? Truly, said Christian, I do not know. At that Pliable began to be offended, and angrily said to his fellow, Is this the happiness you have told me all this while of? If we have such ill speed at our first setting out, what may we expect betwixt this and our journey's end?

And with that he gave a desperate struggle or two, and got out of the mire: so away he went, and Christian saw him no more.

Wherefore Christian was left to tumble in the Slough of Despond alone; but still he endeavoured to struggle to that side of the slough that was still further from his own house, and next to the wicket gate. But I beheld in my dream, that a man came to him whose name was Help, and asked him what he did there.

Sir, said Christian, I was bid to go this way by a man called Evangelist, who directed me also to yonder gate. And as I was going thither, I fell in here.

Then said Help, Give me thy hand. So he gave him his hand, and he drew him out, and set him upon sound ground, and bid him go on his way.

Now as Christian was walking solitarily by himself, he espied one afar off come crossing over the field to

meet him; and their hap was to meet just as they were crossing the way of each other. The gentleman's name that met him was Mr. Worldly-wiseman; he dwelt in the town of Carnal Policy, a very great town. and also hard by from whence Christian came. This man, then, meeting with Christian began thus to enter into some talk with him.

Worldly-wiseman: How now, good fellow, whither away after this burdened manner?

Christian: A burdened manner, indeed, as ever, I think, poor creature had! I tell you, Sir, I am going to yonder wicket-gate before me; for there, as I am informed, I shall be put into a way to be rid of my heavy burden.

Worldly-wiseman: Wilt thou hearken unto me if I give thee counsel?

Christian: If it be good, I will; for I stand in need of good counsel.

Worldly-wiseman: Why, in yonder village—the village is named Morality—there dwells a gentleman whose name is Legality, a very judicious man, and a man of very good name, that has skill to help men off with such burdens as thine are from their shoulders: yea, to my knowledge, he hath done a great deal of good this way; aye, and besides, he hath skill to cure those that are somewhat crazed in their wits with their burdens. To him, as I said, thou mayest go, and be helped presently.

Now was Christian somewhat at a stand; but presently he concluded, If this be true, which this gentleman hath said, my wisest course is to take his advice.

Christian: Sir, which is my way to this honest man's house ?

Worldly-wiseman: Do you see yonder hill? By that hill you must go, and the first house you come at is his.

So Christian turned out of his way, to go to Mr. Legality's house for help ; but behold, when he was got now hard by the hill, it seemed so high, and also that side of it that was next the wayside, did hang so much over, that Christian was afraid to venture further; lest the hill should fall on his head; wherefore there he stood still, and wotted not what to do. Also his burden now seemed heavier to him, than while he was in his way. There came also flashes of fire out of the hill, that made Christian afraid he should be burned. Here, therefore, he sweat and did quake for fear. And with that he saw Evangelist coming to meet him; and coming up to him he looked upon him with a severe and dreadful countenance and began to reason with Christian.

What dost thou here, Christian, said he; Art not thou the man that I found crying without the walls of the City of Destruction ? Did not I direct thee the way to the little wicket-gate ? How is it, then, that thou art so quickly turned aside ?

Christian: I met with a gentleman so soon as I had got over the slough of Despond, who persuaded me that I might, in the village before me, find a man that could take off my burden. But when I came to this place, and beheld things as they are, I stopped for fear of danger: but I know not what to do.

Then said Evangelist, Thou hast begun to reject the counsel of the Most High, and to draw back thy foot from the way of peace, even almost to the hazarding of thy perdition.

Then Christian fell down at his foot as dead, crying, "Woe is me, for I am undone!" At the sight of which Evangelist caught him by the right hand, saying, "All manner of sins and blasphemies shall be forgiven unto men;" "Be not faithless, but believing." Then did Christian again a little revive, and stood up, trembling, as at first, before Evangelist.

Christian: Sir, what think you? Is there hope? May I now go back, and go up to the wicket-gate? Shall I not be abandoned for this, and sent back from thence ashamed? I am sorry I have hearkened to this man's counsel. But may my sin be forgiven?

Then said Evangelist to him, Thy sin is very great, for by it thou hast committed two evils; thou hast forsaken the way that is good, to tread in forbidden paths; yet will the man at the gate receive thee, for he has goodwill for men; only, said he, take heed that thou turn not aside again, "lest thou

perish from the way, when his wrath is kindled but a little." Then did Christian address himself to go back; and Evangelist, after he had kissed him, gave him one smile, and bid him God-speed.

So, in process of time, Christian got up to the gate. Now, over the gate there was written, "Knock, and it shall be opened unto you." He knocked, therefore, more than once or twice; at last there came a grave person to the gate, named Good-will, who asked who was there, and whence he came and what he would have. And with that he opened the gate. So when Christian was stepping in, the other gave him a pull. Then said Christian, What means that? The other told him, A little distance from this gate, there is erected a strong castle, of which Beelzebub is the captain; from thence, both he and they that are with him shoot arrows at those that come up to this gate, if haply they may die before they can enter in.

Then said Christian, I rejoice and tremble. So when he was got in, the man of the gate asked him who directed him thither.

Christian: Evangelist bid me come hither, and knock (as I did); and he said that you, Sir, would tell me what I must do.

Then said Good-will, Good Christian, come a little way with me, and I will teach thee about the way thou must go. Look before thee; dost thou see this narrow way? **THAT** is the way thou must go; it

was cast up by the patriarchs, prophets, Christ, and his apostles; and it is as straight as a rule can make it. This is the way thou must go. As to thy burden, be content to bear it, until thou comest to the place of deliverance; for there it will fall from thy back of itself.

Then Christian began to gird up his loins, and to address himself to his journey. So the other told him, That by that he was gone some distance from the gate, he would come at the house of the Interpreter; at whose door he should knock, and he would show him excellent things. Then Christian took his leave of his friend, and he again bid him God-speed.

Then he went on till he came at the house of the Interpreter, where he knocked over and over; at last one came to the door, and asked who was there.

Christian: Sir, here is a traveller, who was bid by an acquaintance of the good-man of this house to call here for my profit; I would therefore speak with the master of the house.

So he called for the master of the house, who, after a little time, came to Christian, and asked him what he would have. Sir, said Christian, I am a man that am come from the City of Destruction, and am going to the Mount Zion; and I was told by the man that stands at the gate, at the head of this way, that if I called here, you would show me excellent things, such as would be a help to me in my journey.

Then said the Interpreter, Come in; I will show thee that which will be profitable to thee.

And when he had shown him many things he said to Christian, Hast thou considered all these things?

Christian: Yes, and they put me in hope and fear.

Interpreter: Well, keep all things so in thy mind that they may be as a goad in thy sides, to prick thee forward in the way thou must go. Then Christian began to gird up his loins, and to address himself to his journey. Then said the Interpreter, The Comforter be always with thee, good Christian, to guide thee in the way that leads to the City. So Christian went on his way.

Now I saw in my dream, that the highway up which Christian was to go, was fenced on either side with a wall, and that wall was called Salvation. Up this way, therefore, did burdened Christian run, but not without great difficulty, because of the load on his back.

He ran thus till he came at a place somewhat ascending, and upon that place stood a cross, and a little below, in the bottom, a sepulchre. So I saw in my dream, that just as Christian came up with the cross, his burden loosed from off his shoulders, and fell from off his back, and began to tumble, and so continued to do, till it came to the mouth of the sepulchre, where it fell in, and I saw it no more.

Then was Christian glad and lightsome, and said with a merry heart, "He hath given me rest by his

sorrow, and life by his death." Then he stood still awhile to look and wonder ; for it was very surprising to him, that the sight of the cross should thus ease him of his burden. He looked, therefore, and looked again, even till the springs that were in his head sent the waters down his cheeks. Now, as he stood looking and weeping, behold three Shining Ones came to him and saluted him with "Peace be to thee." So the first said to him, "Thy sins be forgiven thee;" the second stripped him of his rags and clothed him "with change of raiment;" the third also set a mark in his forehead, and gave him a roll with a seal upon it, which he bade him look on as he ran, and that he should give it in at the Celestial Gate. So they went their way. Then Christian gave three leaps for joy, and went on singing—

"Thus far I did come laden with my sin;
Nor could aught ease the grief that I was in
Till I came hither: What a place is this!
Must here be the beginning of my bliss?
Must here the burden fall from off my back?
Must here the strings that bound it to me crack?
Blest cross! blest sepulchre! blest rather be
The man that there was put to shame for me!"

II. A QUAKERS' MEETING

BY CHARLES LAMB

From *Essays of Elia*

AMONG all the religious groups that Lamb was acquainted with, the Friends or Quakers attracted him most. They formed a small, but influential, Christian sect, that had been much persecuted by the larger churches in the bad old days. The Quakers could, however, claim that in some respects they followed the tenets of Christianity more faithfully than their persecutors. With that felicity of expression which never fails him Lamb conveys to the reader the serenity, the old-world charm and the quiet dignity of a Quaker meeting. This is not one of the better known of Lamb's essays for it shows him in a serious vein; but, as Hazlitt reminds us, his serious writing, like his serious conversation, is his best.

Still-born Silence! thou that art
Flood-gate of the deeper heart!
Offspring of a heavenly kind!
Frost o' the mouth, and thaw o' the mind!
Secrecy's confidant, and he
Who makes religion mystery!
Admiration's speaking'st tongue!
Leave, thy desert shades among,
Reverend hermit's hallow'd cells,
Where retired devotion dwells!
With thy enthusiasms come,
Seize our tongues, and strike us dumb!

FLECKNO

READER, wouldst thou know what true peace and quiet mean; wouldst thou find a refuge from the noises and clamours of the multitude; wouldst thou enjoy at once solitude and society; wouldst thou possess the depth of thy own spirit in stillness, without being shut out from the consolatory faces of thy species; wouldst thou be alone, and yet accompanied; solitary, yet not desolate; singular, yet not without some to keep thee in countenance; a unit in aggregate; a simple in composite:— come with me into a Quakers' Meeting.

Dost thou love silence as deep as that “before the winds were made?” go not out into the wilderness, descend not into the profundities of the earth; shut not up thy casements; nor pour wax into the little cells of thy ears, with little-faithed self-mistrusting Ulysses.—Retire with me into a Quakers' Meeting.

For a man to refrain even from good words, and to hold his peace, it is commendable; but for a multitude, it is great mastery.

What is the stillness of the desert, compared with this place? what the uncommunicating muteness of fishes?—here the goddess reigns and revels.—“Boreas, and Cesias, and Argestes loud,” do not with their inter-confounding uproars more augment the brawl—nor the waves of the blown Baltic with their clubbed sounds—than their opposite (Silence her sacred self) is multiplied and rendered more intense by numbers and by sympathy. She too hath her deeps, that call unto deeps. Negation itself hath a

positive more and less; and closed eyes would seem to obscure the great obscurity of midnight.

There are wounds, which an imperfect solitude cannot heal. By imperfect I mean that which a man enjoyeth by himself. The perfect is that which he can sometimes attain in crowds, but nowhere so absolutely as in a Quakers' Meeting.—Those first hermits did certainly understand this principle, when they retired into Egyptian solitudes, not singly, but in shoals, to enjoy one another's want of conversation. The Carthusian is bound to his brethren by this agreeing spirit of incommunicativeness. In secular occasions, what so pleasant as to be reading a book through a long winter evening, with a friend sitting by—say, a wife—he, or she, too (if that be probable), reading another, without interruption, or oral communication?—can there be no sympathy without the gabble of words?—away with this inhuman, shy, single, shade-and-cavern-haunting solitariness. Give me, Master Zimmermann, a sympathetic solitude.

To pace alone in the cloisters, or side aisles of some cathedral, time-stricken;

Or under hanging mountains,
Or by the fall of fountains;

is but a vulgar luxury, compared with that which those enjoy, who come together for the purpose of more complete, abstracted solitude. This is the loneliness “to be felt.”—The Abbey Church of Westminster hath nothing so solemn, so spirit-soothing,

as the naked walls and benches of a Quakers' Meeting.
Here are no tombs, no inscriptions,

—sands, ignoble things,
Dropt from the ruin'd sides of kings—

but here is something, which throws Antiquity herself into the foreground—**SILENCE**—eldest of things—language of old Night—primitive Discourser—to which the insolent decays of mouldering grandeur have but arrived by a violent, and, as we may say, unnatural progression.

How reverend is the view of these hush'd heads
Looking tranquillity!

Nothing-plotting, nought-caballing, unmischievous synod: convocation without intrigue! parliament without debate! what a lesson dost thou read to council, and to consistory!—if my pen treat of you lightly—as haply it will wander—yet my spirit hath gravely felt the wisdom of your custom, when sitting among you in deepest peace, which some out-welling tears would rather confirm than disturb, I have reverted to the times of your beginnings, and the sowings of the seed by Fox and Dewesbury.—I have witnessed that, which brought before my eyes your heroic tranquillity, inflexible to the rude jests and serious violences of the insolent soldiery, republican or royalist, sent to molest you—for ye sate betwixt the fires of two persecutions, the out-cast and off-scouring of church and presbytery,—I have seen the reeling sea-ruffian, who had wandered into your receptacle. with the avowed intention of disturbing your quiet, from the very spirit of the place receive in a

moment a new heart, and presently sit among ye as a lamb amidst lambs. And I remembered Penn before his accusers, and Fox in the bail-dock, where he was lifted up in spirit, as he tells us, and "the Judge and the Jury became as dead men under his feet."

Reader, if you are not acquainted with it, I would recommend to you, above all church-narratives, to read Sewel's History of the Quakers. It is in folio, and is the abstract of the journals of Fox, and the Primitive Friends. It is far more edifying and affecting than anything you will read of Wesley and his colleagues. Here is nothing to stagger you, nothing to make you mistrust, no suspicion of alloy, no drop or dreg of the worldly or ambitious spirit. You will here read the true story of that much-injured, ridiculed man (who perhaps hath been a by-word in your mouth),—James Naylor; what dreadful sufferings, with what patience, he endured, even to the boring through of his tongue with red-hot irons without a murmur; and with what strength of mind, when the delusion he had fallen into, which they stigmatized for blasphemy, had given way to clearer thoughts, he could renounce his error, in a strain of the beautifullest humanity, yet keep his first grounds, and be a Quaker still!—so different from the practice of your common converts from enthusiasm, who, when they apostatize, *apostatize all*, and think they can never get far enough from the society of their former errors, even to the renunciation of some saving truths, with which they had been mingled, not implicated.

Get the writings of John Woolman by heart; and love the early Quakers.

How far the followers of these good men in our days have kept to the primitive spirit, or in what proportion they have substituted formality for it, the Judge of Spirits can alone determine. I have seen faces in their assemblies, upon which the dove sate visibly brooding. Others again I have watched, when my thoughts should have been better engaged, in which I could possibly detect nothing but a blank inanity. But quiet was in all, and the disposition to unanimity, and the absence of the fierce controversial workings.—If the spiritual pretensions of the Quakers have abated, at least they make few pretences. Hypocrites they certainly are not, in their preaching. It is seldom indeed that you shall see one to get up amongst them to hold forth. Only now and then a trembling female, generally *ancient*, voice is heard—you cannot guess from what part of the meeting it proceeds—with a low, buzzing, musical sound, laying out a few words which “she thought might suit the condition of some present,” with a quaking diffidence which leaves no possibility of supposing that anything of female vanity was mixed up, where the tones were so full of tenderness, and a restraining modesty.—The men, from what I have observed, speak seldomer.

Once only, and it was some years ago, I witnessed a sample of the old Foxian orgasm. It was a man of giant stature, who, as Wordsworth phrases it, might have danced “from head to foot equipt in iron

mail." His frame was of iron too. But *he* was malleable. I saw him shake all over with the spirit—I dare not say, of delusion. The strivings of the outer man were unutterable—he seemed not to speak, but to be spoken from. I saw the strong man bowed down, and his knees to fail—his joints all seemed loosening—it was a figure to set off against Paul preaching—the words he uttered were few, and sound—he was evidently resisting his will—keeping down his own word-wisdom with more mighty effort, than the world's orators strain for theirs. "He had been a WIT in his youth," he told us, with expressions of a sober remorse. And it was not till long after the impression had begun to wear away, that I was enabled, with something like a smile, to recall the striking incongruity of the confession—understanding the term in its worldly acceptation—with the frame and physiognomy of the person before me. His brow would have scared away the Levites—the Jocos Risusque—faster than the Loves fled the face of Dis at Enna.—By wit, even in his youth, I will be sworn he understood something far within the limits of an allowable liberty.

More frequently the Meeting is broken up without a word having been spoken. But the mind has been fed. You go away with a sermon, not made with hands. You have been in the milder caverns of Trophonius; or as in some den, where that fiercest of all wild creatures, the TONGUE, that unruly member, has strangely lain tied up and captive. You have bathed

with stillness— O when the spirit is sore fretted, even tired to sickness of the janglings, and nonsense-noises of the world, what a balm and a solace it is, to go and seat yourself, for a quiet half-hour upon some undisputed corner of a bench, among the gentle Quakers !

Their garb and stillness conjoined, present an uniformity, tranquil and herdlike—as in the pasture—“ forty feeding like one.”

The very garments of a Quaker seem incapable of receiving a soil ; and cleanliness in them to be something more than the absence of its contrary. Every Quakeress is a lily ; and when they come up in bands to their Whitsun-conferences, whitening the easterly streets of the metropolis, from all parts of the United Kingdom, they show like troops of the Shining Ones.

III. THE CATHOLIC CHURCH

BY J. A. FROUDE

From Short Studies on Great Subjects

FROUDE, not much studied to-day, is one of the most brilliant writers that England has produced. Without having recourse to literary devices of an obviously ornate character, he is able to produce impressions of great vividness. In this essay he explains the hold that the Catholic Church had in the Fifteenth Century on the life and thought of Europe. Froude became the centre of controversy as much as Gibbon, but the controversies have lost their interest for us. He was a sincere man and he described the truth as he saw it; his preferences were strong and he expressed them strongly.

NEVER in all their history, in ancient times or modern, never that we know of, have mankind thrown out of themselves anything so grand, so useful, so beautiful, as the Catholic Church once was. In these times of ours, well-regulated selfishness is the recognised rule of action—every one of us is expected to look out first for himself, and take care of his own interests. At the time I speak of, the Church ruled the State with the authority of a conscience, and self-interest, as a motive of action, was only named to be abhorred. The bishops and clergy were regarded freely and simply as the immediate ministers of the Almighty;

and they seem to me to have really deserved that high estimate of their character. It was not for the doctrines which they taught only, or chiefly, that they were held in honour. Brave men do not fall down before their fellow-mortals for the words which they speak, or for the rites which they perform. Wisdom, justice, self-denial, nobleness, purity, high-mindedness,—these are the qualities before which the free-born races of Europe have been contented to bow; and in no order of men were such qualities to be found as they were found six hundred years ago in the clergy of the Catholic Church. They called themselves the successors of the Apostles. They claimed in their Master's name universal spiritual authority, but they made good their pretensions by the holiness of their own lives. They were allowed to rule because they deserved to rule, and in the fullness of reverence kings and nobles bent before a power which was nearer to God than their own. Over prince and subject, chieftain and serf, a body of unarmed defenceless men reigned supreme by the magic of sanctity. They tamed the fiery northern warriors who had broken in pieces the Roman Empire. They taught them—they brought them really and truly to believe—that they had immortal souls, and that they would one day stand at the awful judgment bar and give account for their lives there. With the brave, the honest, and the good—with those who had not oppressed the poor nor removed their neighbour's landmark—with those who had been just in all their dealings—with those who had fought

against evil, and had tried valiantly to do their Master's will,—at that great day it would be well. For cowards, for profligates, for those who lived for luxury and pleasure and self-indulgence, there was the blackness of eternal death.

An awful conviction of this tremendous kind the clergy had effectually instilled into the mind of Europe. It was not a **PERHAPS**; it was a certainty. It was not a form of words repeated once a week at church; it was an assurance entertained on all days and in all places, without any particle of doubt. And the effect of such a belief on life and conscience was simply immeasurable.

I do not pretend that the clergy were perfect. They were very far from perfect at the best of times, and the European nations were never completely submissive to them. It would not have been well if they had been. The business of human creatures in this planet is not summed up in the most excellent of priestly catechisms. The world and its concerns continued to interest men, though priests insisted on their nothingness. They could not prevent kings from quarrelling with each other. They could not hinder disputed successions, and civil feuds, and wars, and political conspiracies. What they did do was to shelter the weak from the strong.

In the eyes of the clergy, the serf and his lord stood on the common level of sinful humanity. Into their ranks high birth was no passport. They were them-

selves for the most part children of the people; and the son of the artisan or peasant rose to the mitre and the triple crown, just as nowadays the rail-splitter and the tailor become presidents of the Republic of the West.

The Church was essentially democratic, while at the same time it had the monopoly of learning; and all the secular power fell to it which learning, combined with sanctity and assisted by superstition, can bestow.

The privileges of the clergy were extraordinary. They were not amenable to the common laws of the land. While they governed the laity, the laity had no power over them. From the throne downwards, every secular office was dependent on the Church. No king was a lawful sovereign till the Church placed the crown upon his head; and what the Church bestowed, the Church claimed the right to take away. The disposition of property was in their hands. No will could be proved except before the bishop or his officer; and no will was held valid if the testator died out of communion. There were magistrates and courts of law for the offences of the laity. If a priest committed a crime, he was a sacred person. The civil power could not touch him; he was reserved for his ordinary. Bishops' commissaries sat in town and city, taking cognizance of the moral conduct of every man and woman. Offences against life and property were tried here in England, as now, by the common law; but the Church Courts dealt with sins—sins of

word or act. If a man was a profligate or a drunkard; if he lied or swore; if he did not come to communion, or held unlawful opinions; if he was idle or unthrifty; if he was unkind to his wife or his servants; if a child was disobedient to his father, or a father cruel to his child; if a tradesman sold adulterated wares, or used false measures or dishonest weights,—the eye of the parish priest was everywhere, and the Church Court stood always open to examine and to punish.

Imagine what a tremendous power this must have been! Yet it existed generally in Catholic Europe down to the eve of the Reformation. It could never have established itself at all unless at one time it had worked beneficially—as the abuse of it was one of the most fatal causes of the Church's fall.

I know nothing in English history much more striking than the answer given by Archbishop Warham to the complaints of the English House of Commons after the fall of Cardinal Wolsey. The House of Commons complained that the clergy made laws in convocation which the laity were excommunicated if they disobeyed. Yet the laws made by the clergy, the Commons said, were often at variance with the laws of the realm.

What did Warham reply? He said he was sorry for the alleged discrepancy; but, inasmuch as the laws made by the clergy were always in conformity with the will of God, the laws of the realm had to be altered and then the difficulty would vanish.

What must have been the position of the clergy in the fullness of their power, when they could speak thus on the eve of their prostration? You have only to look from a distance at any old-fashioned cathedral city, and you will see in a moment the mediaeval relations between Church and State. The cathedral is the city. The first object you catch sight of as you approach is the spire tapering into the sky, or the huge towers holding possession of the centre of the landscape—majestically beautiful—imposing by mere size amidst the large forms of Nature herself. As you go nearer, the vastness of the building impresses you more and more. The puny dwelling-places of the citizens creep at its feet, the pinnacles are glittering in the tints of the sunset, when down below among the streets and lanes the twilight is darkening. And even now, when the towns are thrice their ancient size, and the houses have stretched upwards from two storeys to five; when the great chimneys are vomiting their smoke among the clouds, and the temples of modern industry—the workshops and the factories—spread their long fronts before the eye, the cathedral is still the governing form in the picture—the one object which possesses the imagination and refuses to be eclipsed.

As that cathedral was to the old town, so was the Church of the Middle Ages to the secular institutions of the world. Its very neighbourhood was sacred: and its shadow, like a shadow of the Apostles, was a sanctuary. When I look at the new Houses of

Parliament in London, I see in them a type of the change which has passed over us. The House of Commons of the Plantagenets sat in the Chapter House of Westminster Abbey. The Parliament of the Reform Bill, five-and-thirty years ago, debated in St. Stephen's Chapel, the Abbey's small dependency. Now, by the side of the enormous pile which has risen out of that chapel's ashes, the proud minster itself is dwarfed into insignificance.

C.C.L. ASHOK NAGAR, HYD.

Let us turn to another vast feature of the Middle Ages—I mean the monasteries. 10562

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Some person of especial and exceptional holiness has lived or died at a particular spot. He has been distinguished by his wisdom, by his piety, by his active benevolence; and in an age when conjurers and witches were supposed to be helped by the devil to do evil, he, on his part, has been thought to have possessed in larger measure than common men the favour and the grace of heaven. Blessed influences hang about the spot which he has hallowed by his presence. His relics—his household possessions, his books, his clothes, his bones, retain the shadowy sanctity which they received in having once belonged to him. We all set value, not wholly unreal, on anything which has been the property of a remarkable man. At worst, it is but an exaggeration of natural reverence.

Well, as nowadays we build monuments to great men, so in the Middle Ages they built shrines or

chapels on the spots which saints had made holy, and communities of pious people gathered together there—beginning with the personal friends the saint had left behind him—to try to live as he had lived, to do good as he had done good, and to die as he had died. Thus arose religious fraternities—companies of men who desired to devote themselves to goodness—to give up pleasures, and amusement, and self-indulgence, and to spend their lives in prayer and works of charity.

These houses became centres of pious beneficence. The monks, as the brotherhoods were called, were organised in different orders, with some variety of rule, but the broad principle was the same in all. They were to live for others, not for themselves. They took vows of poverty, that they might not be entangled in the pursuit of money. They took vows of chastity, that the care of a family might not distract them from the work which they had undertaken. Their efforts of charity were not limited to this world. Their days were spent in hard bodily labour, in study or in visiting the sick. At night they were on the stone-floors of their chapels, holding up their withered hands to heaven interceding for the poor souls who were suffering in purgatory.

The world, as it always will, paid honour to exceptional excellence. The system spread to the farthest limits of Christendom. The religious houses became places of refuge where men of noble birth, kings and queens and emperors, warriors and states-

men, retired to lay down their splendid cares, and end their days in peace. Those with whom the world had dealt hardly, or those whom it had surfeited with its unsatisfying pleasures, those who were disappointed with earth, and those who were filled with passionate aspirations after heaven, alike found a haven of rest in the quiet cloister. And, gradually, lands came to them, and wealth, and social dignity—all gratefully extended to men who deserved so well of their fellows; while no landlords were more popular than they, for the sanctity of monks sheltered their dependants as well as themselves.

Travel now through Ireland, and you will see in the wildest parts of it, innumerable remains of religious houses, which had grown up among a people who acknowledged no rule among themselves except the sword, and where every chief made war upon his neighbour as the humour seized him. The monks among the O's and the Mac's were as defenceless as sheep among wolves; but the wolves spared them for their character. In such a country as Ireland then was, the monasteries could not have survived for a generation but for the enchanted atmosphere which surrounded them.

Of authority the religious orders were practically independent. They were amenable only to the Pope and to their own superiors. Here in England, the king could not send a commissioner to inspect a monastery, nor even send a policeman to arrest a criminal who had taken shelter within its walls.

Archbishops and bishops, powerful as they were, found their authority cease when they entered the gates of a Benedictine or Dominican abbey.

So utterly have times changed, that with your utmost exertions you will hardly be able to picture to yourselves the Catholic Church in the days of its greatness. Our school-books tell us how the Emperor of Germany held the stirrup for Pope Gregory the Seventh to mount his mule; how our own English Henry Plantagenet walked barefoot through the streets of Canterbury, and knelt in the Chapter House for the monks to flog him. The first of these incidents, I was brought up to believe, proved the Pope to be the man of sin. Anyhow they are both facts, and not romances; and you may form some notion from them how high in the world's eyes the Church must have stood.

And be sure it did not achieve that proud position without deserving it. The Teutonic and Latin princes were not credulous fools; and when they submitted, it was to something stronger than themselves—stronger in limb and muscle, or stronger in intellect and character.

So the Church was in its vigour: so the Church was *not* at the opening of the sixteenth century.

IV. RABINDRANATH TAGORE

By S. RADHAKRISHNAN

From East and West in Religion
C.C.L. ASHOKNAGAR, HYD.

THIS "Wise man from the East," as an English philosopher called Sir Sarvepalli Radhakrishnan, has been the unofficial ambassador of India to the Western world. Educated at the Madras Christian College, he was deeply impressed by his teachers, and the influence of his early training can be traced both in his ideas and in his language. In this masterly lecture on our greatest modern poet, Radhakrishnan asserts that a true and complete affirmation of life is in the best Hindu tradition, and that Tagore accepted it and taught it in his poetry. The whole subject requires careful thinking and you are not too young to attempt it. We must be grateful to Professor Radhakrishnan for his selection and presentation of the noblest elements in Indian thought.

It is the peculiar glory of great literature that it lasts much longer than kings and dynasties. History bears witness to the power of the human spirit, which endures longer than dynasties or creeds. The political world of Homer is dead while his song is living today. The splendour of Rome has vanished but the poetry of Virgil is yet vital. The dreams of Kalidasa still move us like the cry of a living voice, with their poignant sense of tears in human relations, while the

Ujjain of which he was the ornament has left her memory to his keeping. The great medieval potentates are forgotten, but the song of Dante is still cherished; and the Elizabethan age will be remembered as long as the English language lives on account of its Shakespeare. When our lords and leaders pass into oblivion, Tagore will continue to enchant us by his music and poetry; for though he is an Indian, the value of his work lies not in any tribal or national characteristics, but in those elements of universality which appeal to the sweetness of life, to the stature of civilization.

To many a young Indian in these changing times Rabindranath's voice has been a comfort and a stimulus. When we are weighed down by the burden of defeated hopes and stand dazed at the conquests of science and organization, when our minds lose their moorings and sense of direction, he comes to us instilling hope into our hearts and courage into our minds. He points out that though our heads are bleeding they are not bowed down, and the value of success need not be judged by standards of wealth and power. The true tests of civilization are spiritual dignity and power of suffering. Wealth, power and efficiency are the appurtenances of life and not life itself. The significant things are the personal ones which are beyond the reach of science and organization.

In his insistence on the supremacy of spiritual values as central to good life and social order, Rabindranath is at one with the long tradition of Indian thinkers.

In him we find the eternal voice of India, old and yet new. In spite of the vicissitudes of fortune and the driftings of history, India has kept her essential spirit alive. The self of man is not to be confused with the physical body or the intellect. There is something deeper than intellect, mind and body:—the real self, which is one with the self of all goodness, truth and beauty. To aim at that and make it a living presence is the purpose or religion; to train oneself through purity, love and strength into conformity with that conception is the aim of ethics; to mould oneself to the pattern of that eternal being is the consummation of our aesthetic nature. One has to achieve not merely technical efficiency but greatness of spirit.

. . .

When we walk into the night and see the stars keeping their eternal watch, we experience a sense of awe before their remoteness, of annihilation before their immutability, of utter insignificance before their immensity. The heart stops beating, breathing is suspended and our whole being receives a shock. Our petty interests and anxieties look pitifully small and sordid. There is a similar perturbation, a similar break in the breath, when we listen to great poetry or gaze into a human soul. Philosophy and religion, art and literature, serve to heighten this spiritual consciousness. It is because we have ignored this aspect of life that we find today so much instability, conflict and chaos in spite of intellectual advance and scientific progress. For over three centuries scientific inventions

and discoveries have produced increased prosperity. Famines have practically disappeared, population has increased and the grimmer incidents of life like plagues and pestilences have been brought under control. As the sense of confidence and security about the social order spread over the world, the spirit of curiosity and exploration, which was mainly responsible for the triumphs in the scientific and the technical regions, became extended to the deeper things of life. The world was soon robbed of its mystery and romance. A strange new world of hardness and brutality, of science and big business arose, which prejudiced the order of love, beauty and happiness so very essential for the growth of the soul. Scepticism and agnosticism have become attractive to the modern mind. In the struggle between the sceptics and agnostics who doubt whether there is anything behind the universe, and the spiritual positivists who affirm that the most vital reality is behind the universe, Rabindranath is with the latter.

There is a story about the visit of an Indian philosopher to Socrates. It comes not from Plato or Xenophon but from Aristoxenes of the third century B.C. He relates that Socrates told the Indian stranger that his work consisted in enquiring about the life of men, and the Indian smiled and said that none could understand things human who did not understand things divine. For the whole Western tradition, man is essentially a rational being, one who can think logically and act upon utilitarian principles. In the

East, spiritual understanding and sympathy are of more importance than intellectual ability. For thousands who talk, one can think; for thousands who think, perhaps one sees and understands. What distinguishes man is this capacity for understanding.

Physical growth and intellectual efficiency cannot satisfy us. Even if we have extensive agriculture and efficient transportation and every one possesses his own aeroplane and radio set, if all disease is eradicated, if workmen receive doles and pensions and every one lives to a green old age, there will still be unsatisfied aspirations, wistful yearnings. Man does not live by bread alone or by learning alone. We may reorganize the world on the most uptodate and efficient scientific lines, and make of it a vast commercial house where all the multiple activities of the human atoms are arranged for, so that we have in it every group from the scullery-maids and the errand boys doing their work in the basement cellars, up to the women of fashion making up their faces in the beauty parlours on the top floor, and may even succeed in transforming a society of human beings into a swarm of ants; yet there will be unsatisfied longings, a thirst for ultimates. Even in that new world-order, children will continue to laugh and cry, women to love and suffer, men to fight and struggle. The real greatness of man is due to his failure, to his moving about in worlds unrealized, with vague misgivings. Man is a creature with a dual status. He partakes of the characters of both the seen and the unseen worlds.

While he is a part of the natural order, he has in him the seed of spirit which makes him dissatisfied with his merely natural being. He is truly "a creature of the borderland," and a life which is entirely given over to the former cannot give him rest.

In his daily life of work and toil, when he tills the soil or governs the State, when he seeks wealth or pursues power, man is not himself. In such activities things are in the saddle. The making of money and the tending of families absorb all the time and strength. Things eternal and unseen get no chance. And yet events occur which disturb the complacency of superficial minds, events with which the sense of mystery and the feeling of uncertainty return. When in the sorrow of death or the suffering of despair, when trust is betrayed or love desecrated, when life becomes tasteless and unmeaning, man stretches forth his hands to heaven to know if perchance there is an answering presence behind the dark clouds; *mahāntaṃ puruṣam ādityavarṇam tamasaḥ parastat*—it is then that he comes into touch with the supreme in the solitude of his consciousness, in the realm of the profound and the intense. It is the world of light and love in which there is no language but that of silence. It is the world of joy that reveals itself in innumerable forms, *anandarūpaṃ amṛtaṃ yad vibhāti*.

The poetry of human experience, the realities of life as distinct from its mere frills, are achieved in

solitude. When we move away from the self, we move away from the only reality which is accessible to us. Man is himself in his religion and in his love. Both these are strictly personal and intimate, peculiar and sacred. If our society attempts to invade even this inner sanctuary, life will lose all its worth and genuineness. A man can share his possessions with others, but not his soul.

We have become so poor to-day that we cannot even recognize the treasures of spirit. In the rush and clamour of our conscious life we do not pay attention to the less audible elements of our being. The sudden thrills, the disturbing emotions, the flashes of insight, it is these that reveal to us the mystery we are; and by these we apprehend the truth of things.

Only the man of serene mind can realize the spiritual meaning of life. Honesty with oneself is the condition of spiritual integrity. We must let in the light to illumine the secret places of the soul. Our pretensions and professions are the barriers that shut us away from truth. We are more familiar with the things we have than with what we are. We are afraid to be alone with ourselves, face to face with our naked loneliness. We try to hide from ourselves the truth by drugs or drunkenness, excitement or service. It is with an effort that we have to pull ourselves together, cultivate the inner life, and abstract from the outer sheaths of body, mind and intellect. We then see the

soul within and attain to a stillness of spirit. The discovery of inwardness is the essential basis of spiritual life.

So long as we lead outward lives, without being touched to our inward depths, we do not understand the meaning of life or the secrets of the soul. Those who live on the surface naturally have no faith in the life of spirit. They believe that they do their duty by religion if they accept the letter of faith. Such spiritual dependence is inconsistent with true religious life, of which the foundation is utter sincerity. A life without independent thought cannot comfort a spiritual being. It is lack of spiritual confidence that impels us to accept what others say about religious truth. But when once the individual in his freedom of spirit pursues truth and builds up a centre in himself, he has enough strength and stability to deal with all that happens to him. He is able to retain his peace and power even when he is faced by adverse conditions. Absolute serenity of spirit is the ultimate goal of human effort, and this is possible only for one who has deep faith in the creative spirit and is thus free from all petty desires. Naturally orthodox religion, whether as dogma or ritual, means almost nothing to him.

But to dwell in the realm of spirit does not mean that we should be indifferent to the realities of the world. It is a common temptation, to which Indian thinkers have fallen more than once victims, that spirit is all that counts while life is an indifferent illusion,

and all efforts directed to the improvement of man's outer life and society are sheer folly. Frequently the ideal of the cold wise man who refuses all activity in the world is exalted, with the result that India has become the scene of a culture of dead men walking the earth which is peopled with ghosts. No one who holds himself aloof from the activities of the world and who is insensitive to its woes can be really wise. To practise virtue in a vacuum is impossible. Spiritual vision normally issues in a new power for good in the world of existence. The spiritual man does not turn his back on the realities of the world, but works in it with the sole object of creating better material and spiritual conditions. For spiritual life rises in the natural. Being a poet, Rabindranath uses the visible world as a means of shadowing forth the invisible. The material world becomes transparent as his spirit moves in it.

The world is not a snare nor its good a delusion. They are opportunities for self-development, pathways for realization. This is the great tradition which has come down from the seers of the Upanishads and the author of the Gita. They delight in life. For since God has taken upon Himself the bonds of creation, why should we not take upon ourselves the bonds of this world? We need not complain, if we are clothed in this warm garment of flesh. Human relationships are the mainspring of spiritual life. God is not a Sultan in the sky but is in all, through all and over all. We worship Him in all the true objects of our worship,

love Him whenever our love is true. In the woman who is good, we feel Him; in the man who is true we know Him. Tagore's Hibbert Lectures on *THE RELIGION OF MAN* (1931) ask us to realise the supreme in the heart of us all.

The great of the world work in it sensitive to its woes. When Buddha preaches *maitri* and the Gita teaches *sneha* for all, they mean that we can understand others only through love. To look upon life as an evil and treat the world as a delusion is sheer ingratitude. In his play *SANYASI OR THE ASCETIC*, Rabindranath points out how outraged nature had her revenge on the ascetic who tried to gain a victory over her by cutting away the bonds of human desires and affections. He attempted to arrive at a true knowledge of the world by cutting himself off from it. A little girl brought him back from this region of abstraction into the play of life. No asceticism is ever equal to the task of suppressing living beauty. The ascetic's inmost defences went down before the rapture of beauty, and clamant life compelled him to fling open the doors. The Sannyasi discovered that "the great is to be found in the small, the infinite within the bounds of form and the eternal freedom of the soul in love." We must bring heaven down to earth, put eternity into an hour and realize God in this world. Ascetics are like cut flowers in metal vases. They are beautiful to contemplate for a while but they soon wither, being without nourishment from the soil. To be firm and rooted, man must consent to be

nourished of life. Asceticism, however necessary it may be for the growth of the person, cannot be confused with a mere refusal of the nourishment by which the growth is helped. The saints do not refuse to sit at the rich man's table; nor do they object to the scent of precious ointment.

It is foolish to fancy that God enjoys our sorrows and sufferings, our pains and fasts, and loves those who tax themselves to the uttermost. Life is a great gift, and those who do not love it are unworthy of it. Those who lay waste their souls and call it peace cannot obtain the support of Tagore for their action.

One need not enter a convent or become an ascetic to reject life. Many of us reject life by surrounding ourselves with taboos and prohibitions. Interpreting the main intention of Hindu thought, Tagore insists on a loyal acceptance of life. We must face life as an adventure and give full play to its possibilities.

In all Rabindranath's work three features are striking. (1) The ultimateness of spiritual values to be obtained by inward honesty and cultivation of inner life; (2) the futility of mere negation or renunciation and the need for a holy or a whole development of life; and (3) the positive attitude of sympathy for all, even the lowly and the lost. It is a matter for satisfaction to find an Indian leader insisting on these real values of life at a time when so many old things are crumbling away and a thousand new ones are springing up.

LANGUAGE AND LITERATURE

V. PARADISE LOST

BY SAMUEL JOHNSON

From *The Life of Milton*

You will find here a critical survey of the greatest poem in the English language. Dr. Johnson should help you to understand what constitutes true poetic greatness, and give you standards of judgment which you can apply to the poetry you study. Though he was handicapped by want of sympathy for the causes that Milton held dear, and by inability to appreciate his character and ideals, Johnson was a discerning critic and endowed with abundant commonsense. He goes to the heart of the matter when he tells us that Milton's "natural port is gigantic loftiness" and that "the characteristic quality of the poem is sublimity". You can now go on to read *Paradise Lost* for yourself. The study of Milton is a spiritual experience of the highest order, and there is no reason why you should be denied it.

THOSE little pieces may be dispatched without much anxiety; a greater work calls for greater care. I am now to examine *Paradise Lost*; a poem, which, considered with respect to design, may claim the first place, and with respect to performance the second, among the productions of the human mind.

By the general consent of critics, the first praise of genius is due to the writer of an epic poem, as it requires an assemblage of all the powers which are

singly sufficient for other compositions. Poetry is the art of uniting pleasure with truth, by calling imagination to the help of reason. Epic poetry undertakes to teach the most important truths by the most pleasing precepts, and therefore relates some great event in the most affecting manner. History must supply the writer with the rudiments of narration, which he must improve and exalt by a noble art, must animate by dramatic energy, and diversify by retrospection and anticipation; morality must teach him the exact bounds, and different shades, of vice and virtue; from policy, and the practice of life, he has to learn the discriminations of character, and the tendency of the passions, either single or combined, and physiology must supply him with illustrations and images. To put these materials to poetical use, is required an imagination capable of painting nature, and realising fiction. Nor is he yet a poet till he has attained the whole extension of his language, distinguished all his delicacies of phrase, and all the colours of words, and learned to adjust their different sounds to all the varieties of metrical moderation.

Bossu is of opinion that the poet's first work is to find a *moral*, which his fable is afterwards to illustrate and establish. This seems to have been the process only of Milton; the moral of the poem is incidental and consequent; in Milton's only it is essential and intrinsic. His purpose was the most useful and the most arduous; to *vindicate the ways of God to man*; to show the reasonableness of religion, and the necessity of obedience to the Divine Law.

To convey this moral, there must be a fable, a narration artfully constructed, so as to excite curiosity, and surprise expectation. In this part of his work, Milton must be confessed to have equalled every other poet. He has involved in his account of the Fall of Man the events which preceded, and those that were to follow it; he has interwoven the whole system of theology with such propriety, that every part appears to be necessary; and scarcely any recital is wished shorter for the sake of quickening the progress of the main action.

The subject of an epic poem is naturally an event of great importance. That of Milton is not the destruction of a city, the conduct of a colony, or the foundation of an empire. His subject is the fate of worlds the revolutions of heaven and of earth; rebellion against the Supreme King, raised by the highest order of created beings; the overthrow of their host, and the punishment of their crime; the creation of a new race of reasonable creatures; their original happiness and innocence, their forfeiture of immortality, and their restoration to hope and peace.

Great events can be hastened or retarded only by persons of elevated dignity. Before the greatness displayed in Milton's poem, all other greatness shrinks away. The weakest of his agents are the highest and noblest of human beings, the original parents of mankind; with whose actions the elements consented on whose rectitude, or deviation of will, depended the

state of terrestrial nature, and the condition of all the future inhabitants of the globe.

Of the other agents in the poem, the chief are such as it is irreverence to name on slight occasions. The rest were lower powers;

—of which the least could wield
Those elements, and arm him with the force
Of all their regions;

powers, which only the control of Omnipotence restrains from laying creation waste, and filling the vast expanse of space with ruin and confusion. To display the motives and actions of beings thus superior so far as human reason can examine them, or human imagination represent them, is the task which this mighty poet has undertaken and performed.

Among the angels, the virtue of Raphael is mild and placid, of easy condescension and free communication; that of Michael is regal and lofty, and, as may seem, attentive to the dignity of his own nature. Abdiel and Gabriel appear occasionally, and act as every incident requires; the solitary fidelity of Abdiel is very amiably painted.

Of the evil angels the characters are more diversified. To Satan, as Addison observes, such sentiments are given as suit the *most exalted and most depraved being*. Milton has been censured, by Clarke, for the impiety which sometimes breaks from Satan's mouth. For there are thoughts, as he justly remarks, which no observation of character can justify because no good man would willingly permit them to pass, however transiently, through his own mind. To make Satan

speaking as a rebel, without any such expressions as might taint the reader's imagination, was indeed one of the great difficulties in Milton's undertaking, and I cannot but think that he has extricated himself with great happiness. There is in Satan's speeches little that can give pain to a pious ear. The language of rebellion cannot be the same with that of obedience. The malignity of Satan foams in haughtiness and obstinacy; but his expressions are commonly general, and no otherwise offensive than as they are wicked.

The other chiefs of the celestial rebellion are very judiciously discriminated in the first and second books; and the ferocious character of Moloch appears, both in the battle and the council with exact consistency.

To Adam and to Eve are given, during their innocence, such sentiments as innocence can generate and utter. Their love is pure benevolence and mutual veneration; their repasts are without luxury and their diligence without toil. Their addresses to their Maker have little more than the voice of admiration and gratitude. Fruition left them nothing to ask, and innocence left them nothing to fear.

But with guilt enter distrust and discord, mutual accusation and stubborn self-defence; they regard each other with alienated minds, and dread their Creator as the avenger of their transgression. At last they seek shelter in his mercy, soften to repentance, and melt in supplication. Both before and after the Fall, the superiority of Adam is diligently sustained.

Of the *probable* and the *marvellous*, two parts of a vulgar epic poem, which immerse the critic in deep consideration, the *Paradise Lost* requires little to be said. It contains the history of a miracle, of Creation and Redemption; it displays the power and the mercy of the Supreme Being; the probable therefore is marvellous, and the marvellous is probable. The substance of the narrative is truth; and as truth allows no choice, it is, like necessity, superior to rule. To the accidental or adventitious parts, as to everything human, some slight exceptions may be made. But the main fabric is immovably supported.

It is justly remarked by Addison, that this poem has, by the nature of its subject, the advantage above all others, that it is universally and perpetually interesting. All mankind will, through all ages, bear the same relation to Adam and to Eve, and must partake of that good and evil which extend to themselves.

Of the *machinery*, so called from *Theos apo mechanēs* by which is meant the occasional interposition of supernatural power, another fertile topic of critical remarks, here is no room to speak, because everything is done under the immediate and visible direction of Heaven but the rule is so far observed, that no part of the action could have been accomplished by any other means.

Of episodes I think there are only two, contained in Raphael's relation of the war in heaven, and Michael's prophetic account of the changes to happen in this

world. Both are closely connected with the great action; one was necessary to Adam as a warning, the other as a consolation.

To the completeness or *integrity* of the design nothing can be objected; it has distinctly and clearly what Aristotle requires, a beginning, a middle, and an end. There is perhaps no poem, of the same length, from which so little can be taken without apparent mutilation. Here are no funeral games, nor is there any long description of a shield. The short digressions at the beginning of the third, seventh, and ninth books, might doubtless be spared; but superfluities so beautiful, who would take away? or who does not wish that the author of the Iliad had gratified succeeding ages with a little knowledge of himself? Perhaps no passages are more frequently or more attentively read than those extrinsic paragraphs; and, since the end of poetry is pleasure that cannot be unpoetical with which all are pleased.

The questions, whether the action of the poem be strictly *one*, whether the poem can be properly termed *heroick*, and who is the hero, are raised by such readers as draw their principles of judgment rather from books than from reason. Milton, though he intitled *Paradise Lost* only a *poem*, yet calls it himself *hergick song*. Dryden, petulantly and indecently, denies the heroism of Adam, because he was overcome; but there is no reason why the hero should not be unfortunate, except established practice, since success and virtue do not go necessarily together. Cato is

the hero of Lucan; but Lucan's authority will not be suffered by Quintilian to decide. However, if success be necessary, Adam's deceiver was at last crushed; Adam was restored to his Maker's favour, and therefore may securely resume his human rank.

After the scheme and fabric of the poem, must be considered its component parts, the sentiments and the diction.

The *sentiments*, as expressive of manners, or appropriated to characters, are, for the greater part, unexceptionably just.

Splendid passages, containing lessons of morality, or precepts of prudence, occur seldom. Such is the original formation of this poem, that as it admits no human manners till the Fall, it can give little assistance to human conduct. Its end is to raise the thoughts above sublunary cares or pleasures. Yet the praise of that fortitude, with which Abdiel maintained his singularity of virtue against the scorn of multitudes, may be accommodated to all times; and Raphael's reproof of Adam's curiosity after the planetary motions, with the answer returned by Adam, may be confidently opposed to any rule of life which any poet has delivered.

The thoughts which are occasionally called forth in the progress, are such as could only be produced by an imagination in the highest degree fervid and active, to which materials were supplied by incessant study and unlimited curiosity. The heat of Milton's

mind might be said to sublimate his learning. to throw off into his work the spirit of science, unmingled with its grosser parts.

He had considered creation in its whole extent, and his descriptions are therefore learned. He had accustomed his imagination to unrestrained indulgence, and his conceptions therefore were extensive. The characteristic quality of his poem is sublimity. He sometimes descends to the elegant, but his element is the great. He can occasionally invest himself with grace; but his natural port is gigantic loftiness. He can please when pleasure is required; but it is his peculiar power to astonish.

He seems to have been well acquainted with his own genius, and to know what it was that Nature had bestowed upon him more bountifully than upon other; the power of displaying the vast, illuminating the splendid, enforcing the awful, darkening the gloomy, and aggravating the dreadful; he therefore chose a subject on which too much could not be said, on which he might tire his fancy without the censure of extravagance.

The appearances of Nature, and the occurrences of life, did not satiate his appetite of greatness. To paint things as they are requires a minute attention, and employs the memory rather than the fancy. Milton's delight was to sport in the wide regions of possibility; reality was a scene too narrow for his mind. He sent his faculties out upon discovery, into worlds where only imagination can travel, and

delighted to form new modes of existence, and furnish sentiment and action to superior beings, to trace the counsels of hell, or accompany the choirs of heaven.

But he could not be always in other worlds; he must sometimes revisit earth, and tell of things visible and known. When he cannot raise wonder by the sublimity of his mind, he gives delight by its fertility.

Whatever be his subject, he never fails to fill the imagination. But his images and descriptions of the scenes or operations of Nature do not seem to be always copied from original form, nor to have the freshness, raciness, and energy of immediate observation. He saw Nature, as Dryden expresses it, *through the spectacles of books*; and on most occasions calls learning to his assistance. The garden of Eden brings to his mind the vale of Enna, where Prosperine was gathering flowers. Satan makes his way through fighting elements, like Argo between the Cyanean rocks, or Ulysses between the two Sicilian whirlpools, when he shunned Charybdis on the larboard. The mythological allusions have been justly censured, as not being always used with notice of their vanity; but they contribute variety to the narration, and produce an alternate exercise of the memory and the fancy.

His similes are less numerous, and more various, than those of his predecessors. But he does not confine himself within the limits of rigorous comparison; his great excellence is amplitude, and he expands the adventitious image beyond the dimensions

which the occasion required. Thus, comparing the shield of Satan to the orb of the Moon, he crowds the imagination with the discovery of the telescope, and all the wonders which the telescope discovers.

Of his moral sentiments it is hardly praise to affirm that they excel those of all other poets; for this superiority he was indebted to his acquaintance with the sacred writings. The ancient epic poets, wanting the light of Revelation, were very unskilful teachers of virtue; their principal characters may be great, but they are not amiable. The reader may rise from their works with a greater degree of active or passive fortitude, and sometimes of prudence; but he will be able to carry away few precepts of justice, and none of mercy.

From the Italian writers it appears, that the advantages of even Christian knowledge may be supposed in vain. Ariosto's pravity is generally known; and though the Deliverance of Jerusalem may be considered as a sacred subject, the poet has been very sparing of moral instruction.

In Milton every line breathes sanctity of thought, and purity of manners, except when the train of the narration requires the introduction of the rebellious Spirits; and even they are compelled to acknowledge their subjection to God, in such a manner as excites reverence, and confirms piety.

Of human beings there are but two; but those two are the parents of mankind, venerable before their fall

for dignity and innocence, and amiable after it for repentance and submission. In their first state their affection is tender without weakness, and their piety sublime without presumption. When they have sinned, they show how discord begins in mutual frailty, and how it ought to cease in mutual forbearance; how confidence of the divine favour is forfeited by sin, and how hope of pardon may be obtained by penitence and prayer. A state of innocence we can only conceive, if indeed, in our present misery, it be possible to conceive it; but the sentiments and worship proper to a fallen and offending being, we have all to learn, as we have all to practise.

. The poet, whatever be done, is always great. Our progenitors, in their first state, conversed with angels; even when folly and sin had degraded them, they had not in their humiliation the *port of mean suitors*; and they rise again to reverential regard, when we find that their prayers were heard.

As human passions did not enter the world before the Fall, there is in the *Paradise Lost* little opportunity for the pathetic; but what little there is has not been lost. That passion which is peculiar to rational nature, the anguish arising from the consciousness of transgression, and the horrors attending the sense of the Divine displeasure, are very justly described and forcibly impressed. But the passions are moved only on one occasion; sublimity is the general and prevailing quality in this poem; sublimity variously modified, sometimes descriptive, sometimes argumentative.

Through all his greater works there prevails an uniform peculiarity of *Diction*, a mode and cast of expression which bears little resemblance to that of any former writer, and which is so far removed from common use, that an unlearned reader, 'when he first opens his book, finds himself surprised by a new language.

This novelty has been, by those who can find nothing wrong in Milton, imputed to his laborious endeavours after words suitable to the grandeur of his ideas. *Our language*, says Addison, *sunk under him*. But the truth is, that both in prose and verse, he had formed his style by a perverse and pedantic principle. He was desirous to use English words with a foreign idiom. This in all his prose is discovered and condemned; for there judgment operates freely, neither softened by the beauty, nor awed by the dignity of his thoughts; but such is the power of his poetry, that his call is obeyed without resistance, the reader feels himself in captivity to a higher and a nobler mind, and criticism sinks in admiration.

Milton's style was not modified by his subject; what is shown with greater extent in *Paradise Lost*, may be found in *Comus*. One source of his peculiarity was his familiarity with the Tuscan poets; the disposition of his words is, I think, frequently Italian; perhaps sometimes combined with other tongues. Of him, at last, may be said what Jonson says of Spenser, *that he wrote no language*, but has formed what Butler calls a *Babylonish Dialect*, in itself harsh and barbarous,

but made by exalted genius, and extensive learning, the vehicle of so much instruction and so much pleasure, that, like other lovers, we find grace in its deformity.

Whatever be the faults of his diction, he cannot want the praise of copiousness and variety; he was master of his language in its full extent; and has selected the melodious words with such diligence, that from his book alone the Art of English Poetry might be learned.

After his diction, something must be said of his *versification*. *The measure*, he says, *is the English heroick verse without rhyme*. Of this mode he had many examples among the Italians, and some in his own country. The Earl of Surrey is said to have translated one of Virgil's books without rhyme; and, besides our tragedies, a few short poems had appeared in blank verse; particularly one tending to reconcile the nation to Raleigh's wild attempt upon Guiana, and probably written by Raleigh himself. These petty performances cannot be supposed to have much influenced Milton, who more probably took his hint from Trisino's *Italia Liberata*; and, finding blank verse easier than rhyme, was desirous of persuading himself that it is better.

Rhyme, he says, and says truly, *is no necessary adjunct of true poetry*. But perhaps, of poetry as a mental operation, metre or music is no necessary adjunct: it is however by the music of metre that poetry has been discriminated in all languages; and

in languages melodiously constructed with a due proportion of long and short syllables, metre is sufficient. But one language cannot communicate its rules to another: where metre is scanty and imperfect, some help is necessary. The music of the English heroic line strikes the ear so faintly that it is easily lost, unless all the syllables of every line co-operate together: this co-operation can only be obtained by the preservation of every verse unmingled with another, as a distinct system of sounds: and this distinctness is obtained and preserved by the artifice of rhyme. The variety of pauses, so much boasted by the lovers of blank verse, changes the measures of an English poet to the periods of a declaimer; and there are only a few skilful and happy readers of Milton, who enable their audience to perceive where the lines end or begin. *Blank verse*, says an ingenious critic, *seems to be verse only to the eye.*

Poetry may subsist without rhyme, but English poetry will not often please; nor can rhyme ever be safely spared but where the subject is able to support itself. Blank verse makes some approach to that which is called the *lapidary style*; has neither the easiness of prose, nor the melody of numbers, and therefore tires by long continuance. Of the Italian writers without rhyme, whom Milton alleges as precedents, not one is popular; what reason could urge in its defence, has been confuted by the ear.

But, whatever be the advantage of rhyme, I cannot prevail on myself to wish that Milton had been a

rhymers; for I cannot wish his work to be other than it is; yet, like other heroes, he is to be admired rather than imitated. He that thinks himself capable of astonishing, may write blank verse: but those that hope only to please, must condescend to rhyme.

The highest praise of genius is original invention. Milton cannot be said to have contrived the structure of an epic poem, and therefore owes reverence to that vigour and amplitude of mind to which all generations must be indebted for the art of poetical narration, for the texture of the fable, the variation of incidents, the interposition of dialogue, and all the stratagems that surprise and enchain attention. But, of all the borrowers from Homer, Milton is perhaps the least indebted. He was naturally a thinker for himself, confident of his own abilities, and disdainful of help or hindrance: he did not refuse admission to the thoughts or images of his predecessors, but he did not seek them. From his contemporaries he neither courted nor received support; there is in his writings nothing by which the pride of other authors might be gratified, or favour gained; no exchange of praise nor solicitation of support. His great works were performed under discountenance, and in blindness, but difficulties vanished at his touch; he was born for whatever is arduous; and his work is not the greatest of heroic poems, only because it is not the first.

VI. MY BOOKS

BY LEIGH HUNT

From *Literary Essays*

LEIGH Hunt, the friend of Coleridge, Lamb, Hazlitt and Keats, who were much greater writers than he was, tells us here what books meant to him. You should compare with this essay Stevenson's essay on the books that influenced him, and Ruskin's lecture in *Sesame and Lilies*. If you like this essay you will naturally try to surround yourself with books as Leigh Hunt did, and you will agree that the Elizabethan writer John Lyly was right when he said "Far more seemly were it for thee to have thy Studie full of books than thy purses full of money".

SITTING last winter, among my books, and walled round with all the comfort and protection which they and my fireside could afford me; to wit, a table of high-piled books, my writing-desk on one side of me, some shelves on the other, and the feeling of the warm fire at my feet; I began to consider how I loved the authors of those books,— how I loved them, too, not only for the imaginative pleasures they afforded me, but for their making me love the very books themselves, and delight to be in contact with them. I looked sideways at my *Spenser*, my *Theocritus*, and my *Arabian Nights*: then above them at my Italian poets; then behind me at my *Dryden* and *Pope*, my

romances, and my Boccaccio; then on my left side at my Chaucer, who lay on a writing-desk; and thought how natural it was in C.L. to give a kiss to an old folio, as I once saw him do to *Chapman's Homer*. At the same time I wondered how he could sit in that front room of his with nothing but a few unfeeling tables and chairs, or at best a few engravings in trim frames, instead of putting a couple of arm-chairs into a back room with the books in it where there is but one window. Would I were there, with both the chairs properly filled, and one or two more besides "We had talk, sir"—the only talk capable of making one forget the books.

I entrench myself in my books equally against sorrow and weather. If the wind comes through a passage, I look about to see how I can fence it off by a better disposition of my movables; if a melancholy thought is importunate, I give another glance at my *Spenser*. When I speak of being in contact with my books, I mean it literally. I like to lean my head against them. Living in a southern climate, though in a part sufficiently northern to feel the winter, I was obliged, during that season, to take some of the books out of the study, and hang them up near the fire-place in the sitting-room, which is the only room that has such a convenience. I therefore walled myself in, as well as I could, in the manner above mentioned. I took a walk every day, to the astonishment of the Genoese, who used to huddle against a piece of sunny wall, like flies on a chimney-piece; but I did this only

that I might so much the more enjoy my *English* evening. The fire was a wood fire instead of a coal; but I imagined myself in the country. I remember fat the very worst that one end of my native land was not nearer the other than England is to Italy.

While writing this article I am in my study again. Like the rooms in all houses in this country which are not hovels, it is handsome and ornamented. On one side it looks towards a garden and the mountains; on another, to the mountains and the sea. What signifies all this? I turn my back upon the sea; I shut up even one of the side windows looking upon the mountains, and retain no prospect but that of the trees. On the right and left of me are book-shelves; and thus kindly enclosed with my books and the green leaves, I write. If all this is too luxurious and effeminate, of all luxuries it is the one that leaves you the most strength. And this is to be said for scholarship in general. It unfits a man for activity, for his bodily part in the world; but it often doubles both the power and the sense of his mental duties; and with much indignation against his body, and more against those who tyrannize over the intellectual claims of mankind, the man of letters, like the magician of old, is prepared "to play the devil" with the great men of this world, in a style that astonishes both the sword and the toga.

I do not like this fine large study. I like elegance, I like room to breathe in, and even walk about, when I want to breathe and walk about. I like a great

library next my study; but for the study itself, give me a small snug place, almost entirely walled with books. There should be only one window in it, looking upon trees. Some prefer a place with few or no books at all—nothing but a chair or a table, like Epictetus; but I should say that these were philosophers, not lovers of books, if I did not recollect that Montaigne was both. He had a study in a round tower, walled as aforesaid. It is true, one forgets one's books while writing—at least they say so. For my part, I think I have them in a sort of sidelong mind's-eye; like a second thought, which is none—like a waterfall or a whispering wind.

. I dislike a grand library to study in. I mean an immense apartment, with books all in Museum order, especially wire-safed. I say nothing against the Museum itself, or public libraries. They are capital places to go to, but not to sit in; and talking of this, I hate to read in public, and in strange company. The jealous silence; the dissatisfied looks of the messengers; the inability to help yourself; the not knowing whether you really ought to trouble the messengers, much less the *gentleman* in black or brown, who is, perhaps, half a trustee; with a variety of other jarrings between privacy and publicity, prevent one's settling heartily to work. They say "they manage these things better in France;" and I dare say they do; but I think I should feel still more *distrain* in France, in spite of the benevolence of the servitors, and the generous profusion of pen, ink, and paper.

I should feel as if I were doing nothing but interchanging amenities with polite writers.

A grand private library, which the master of the house also makes his study, never looks to me like a real place of books, much less of authorship. I cannot take kindly to it. It is certainly not out of envy; for three parts of the books are generally trash, and I can seldom think of the rest and the proprietor together. It reminds me of a fine gentleman, of a collector of a patron, of Gil Blas and the Marquis of Marialva; of any thing but genius and comfort. I have a particular hatred of a round table (not *the* Round Table, for that was a dining one) covered and irradiated with books, and never met with one in the house of a clever man but once. It is the reverse of Montaigne's Round Tower. Instead of bringing the books around you, they all seem turning another way, and eluding your hands.

Conscious of my propriety and comfort in these matters, I take an interest in the bookcases as well as the books of my friends. I long to meddle and dispose them after my own notions. When they see this confession, they will acknowledge the virtue I have practised. I believe I did mention his book-room to C.L. and I think he told me that he often sat there when alone. It would be hard not to believe him. His library, though not abounding in Greek or Latin (which are the only things to help some persons to an idea of literature), is anything but superficial. The depth of philosophy and poetry are there, the inner-

most passages of the human heart. It has some Latin too. It has also a handsome contempt for appearance. It looks like what it is, a selection made at precious intervals from the book-stalls;—now a Chaucer at nine and two pence; now a Montaigne or a Sir Thomas Browne at two shillings; now a Jeremy Taylor; a Spinoza; an old English Dramatist, Prior, and Sir Philip Sidney; and the books are “neat as imported.” The very perusal of the backs is a “discipline of humanity.” There Mr. Southey takes his place again with an old Radical friend: there Jeremy Collier is at peace with Dryden: there the lion, Martin Luther, lies down with the Quaker lamb, Sewell: there Guzman d’Alfarache thinks himself fit company for Sir Charles Grandison, and has his claims admitted. Even the “high fantastical” Duchess of Newcastle, with her laurel on her head, is received with grave honours, and not the less for declining to trouble herself with the constitutions of her maids. There is an approach to this in the library of W.C. who also includes Italian among his humanities. W.H., I believe, has no books except mine; but he has Shakespeare and Rousseau by heart. N., who, though not a book-man by profession, is fond of those who are, and who loves his volume enough to read it across the fields, has his library in the common sitting-room, which is hospitable. H.R.’s books are all too modern and finely bound, which, however, is not his fault, for they were left him by will,—not the most kindly act of the testator. Suppose a man were to bequeath us a great japan chest three feet by four,

with an injunction that it was always to stand on the tea-table. I remember borrowing a book of H.R., which, having lost, I replaced with a copy equally well bound. I am not sure I should have been in such a haste, even to return the book, had it been a common-looking volume; but the splendour of the loss dazzled me into this ostentatious piece of propriety. I set about restoring it as if I had diminished his fortunes, and waived the privilege a friend has to use a man's things as his own. I may venture upon this ultra-liberal theory, not only because candour compels me to say that I hold it to a greater extent, with Montaigne, but because I have been a meek son in the family of book-losers. I may affirm, upon a moderate calculation, that I have lent and lost in my time (and I am eight-and-thirty) half a dozen decent-sized libraries,—I mean books enough to fill so many ordinary bookcases. I have never complained; and self-love, as well as gratitude, makes me love those who do not complain of me.

I own I borrow books with as much facility as I lend. I cannot see a work that interests me on another person's shelf, without a wish to carry it off; but, I repeat, that I have been much more sinned against than sinning in the article of non-return; and am scrupulous in the article of intention. I never had a felonious intent upon a book but once; and then I shall only say, it was under circumstances so peculiar, that I cannot but look upon the conscience that induced me to restore it, as having sacrificed the spirit of its very self to the letter; and I have a grudge

against it accordingly. Some people are unwilling to lend their books. I have a special grudge against them particularly those who accompany their unwillingness with uneasy professions to the contrary, and smiles like Sir Fretful Plagiary. The friend who helped to spoil my notions of property, or rather to make them too good for the world "as it goes," taught me also to undervalue my squeamishness in refusing to avail myself of the books of these gentlemen. He showed me how it was doing good to all parties to put an ordinary face on the matter; though I know his own blushed not a little sometimes in doing it, even when the good to be done was for another. I feel, in truth, that even when anger inclines me to exercise this privilege of philosophy, it is more out of revenge than contempt. I fear that in allowing myself to borrow books, I sometimes make extremes meet in a very sinful manner, and do it out of a refined revenge. It is like eating a miser's beef at him.

I love an author the more for having been himself a lover of books. The idea of an ancient library perplexes our sympathy by its map-like volumes, rolled upon cylinders. Our imagination cannot take kindly to a yard of wit, or to thirty inches of moral observation rolled out like linen in a draper's shop. But we conceive of Plato as of a lover of books; of Aristotle certainly; of Plutarch, Pliny, Horace, Julian, and Marcus Aurelius. Virgil, too, must have been one; and, after a fashion, Martial. May I confess, that the passage which I recollect with the greatest

pleasure in Cicero, is where he says that books delight us at home, *and are no impediment abroad*; travel with us, ruralize with us. His period is rounded off to some purpose: "*Delectant domi, non impediunt foris; pergrinantur, rusticantur.*" I am so much of this opinion that I do not care to be anywhere without having a book or books at hand, and like Dr. Orkborne, in the novel of Camilla, stuff the coach or post-chaise with them whenever I travel. As books, however, become ancient, the love of them becomes more unequivocal and conspicuous. The ancients had little of what we call learning. They made it. They were also no very eminent buyers of books—they made books for posterity. It is true, that it is not at all necessary to love many books, in order to love them much. The scholar, in Chaucer who would rather have

"At his beddes head
A twenty bokes, clothed, in black and red,
Of Aristotle and his philosophy,
Than robes rich, or fiddle, or psaltrie,—"

doubtless beat all our modern collectors in his passion for reading; but books must at least exist, and have acquired an eminence, before their lovers can make themselves known. There must be a possession, also, to perfect the communion; and the mere contact is much, even when our mistress speaks an unknown language. Dante puts Homer, the great ancient, in his *Elysium* upon trust; but a few years afterwards, *Homer*, the book, made its appearance in Italy, and Petrarch, in a transport, put it upon his book-shelves, where he adored it, like "the unknown God". Petrarch

ought to be the god of the bibliomaniacs, for he was a collector and a man of genius, which is a union that does not often happen. He copied out, with his own precious hand, the manuscripts he rescued from time, and then produced others for time to reverence. With his head upon a book he died. Boccaccio, his friend, was another; nor can one look upon the longest and most tiresome works he wrote (for he did write some tiresome ones, in spite of the gaiety of his *Decameron*), without thinking, that in that resuscitation of the world of letters it must have been natural to a man of genius to add to the existing stock of volumes at whatsoever price. I always pitch my completest idea of a lover of books, either in those dark ages, as they are called,

“Cui cieco a torto il cieco volgo appella—”

or in the gay town days of Charles II, or a little afterwards. In both times the portrait comes out by the force of contrast. In the first, I imagine an age of iron warfare and energy, with solitary retreats, in which the monk or the hooded scholar walks forth to meditate, his precious volume under his arm. In the other, I have a triumphant example of the power of books and wit to contest the victory with sensual pleasure:—Rochester, staggering home to pen a satire in the style of Monsieur Boileau; Butler, cramming his jolly duodecimo with all the learning that he laughed at; and a new race of book poets come up, who, in spite of their periwigs and petit-maitres, talk as romantically of “the bays,” as if they were priests of

Delphos. It was a victorious thing in books to beguile even the old French of their egotism, or at least to share it with them. Nature never pretended to do as much. And here is the difference between the two ages, or between any two ages in which genius and art predominate. In the one, books are loved because they are the records of Nature and her energies; in the other, because they are the records of those records, or evidences of the importance of the individuals, and proofs of our descent in the new imperishable aristocracy. This is the reason why rank (with few exceptions) is so jealous of literature, and loves to appropriate or withhold the honours of it, as if they were so many toys and ribbons, like its own. It has an instinct that the two pretensions are incompatible. When Montaigne (a real lover of books) affected the order of St. Michael, and pleased himself with possessing that fugitive little piece of importance, he did it because he would pretend to be above nothing that he really felt, or that was left by men in general; but at the same time he vindicated his natural superiority over this weakness by praising and loving all higher and lasting things, and by placing his best glory in doing homage to the geniuses that had gone before him. He did not endeavour to think that an immortal renown was a fashion, like that of the cut of his scarf; or that by undervaluing the one, he should go shining down to posterity in the other, perpetual lord of Montaigne and of the ascendant.

I take our four great English poets to have all been fond of reading. Milton and Chaucer proclaim them-

selves for hard sitters at books. Spenser's reading is evident by his learning; and if there was nothing else to show for it in Shakespeare, his retiring to his native town, long before old age, would be a proof of it. It is impossible for a man to live in solitude without such assistance, unless he is a metaphysician or mathematician, or the dullest of mankind; and any country town would be solitude to Shakespeare, after the bustle of a metropolis and a theatre. Doubtless he divided his time between his books, and his bowling-green, and his daughter Susanna. It is pretty certain, also, that he planted, and rode on horseback; and there is evidence of all sorts to make it clear, that he must have occasionally joked with the blacksmith, and stood godfather for his neighbours' children. Chaucer's account of himself must be quoted, for the delight and sympathy of all true readers:—

“And as for me, though that I can but lite,
On bookes for to rede I me delite,
And to hem yeve I faith and full credence,
And in mine herte have hem in reverence
So hertely, that ther is game none,
That fro my bookes maketh me to gone,
But it is seldome on the holy daie;
Save certainly whan that the month of May
Is comen, and that I hear the foules sing,
And that the floures ginnen for to spring.
Farewell my booke and my devocion.”

The Legend of Good Women.

Among the old writers I must not forget Ben Jonson and Donne. Cowley has been already mentioned. His boyish love of books, like all the other inclinations of his early life, stuck to him to the last, which is the

greatest reward of virtue. I would mention Izaak Walton, if I had not a grudge against him. His brother fishermen, the divines, were also great fishers of books. I have a grudge against them and their divinity. They talked much of the devil and divine right, and yet forgot what Shakespeare says of the devil's friend Nero, that he is "an angler in the lake of darkness." Selden was called "the walking library of our nation." It is not the pleasantest idea of him; but the library included poetry, and wit, as well as heraldry and the Jewish doctors. His *Table Talk* is equally pithy and pleasant, and truly worthy of the name, for it implies other speakers. Indeed, it was actually what it is called, and treasured up by his friends. Selden wrote complimentary verses to his friends the poets, and a commentary on Drayton's *Polyolbion*. Drayton was himself a reader, addicted to all the luxuries of scholarship. Chapman sat among his books, like an astrologer among his spheres and altitudes.

How pleasant it is to reflect, that all those lovers of books have themselves become books! What better metamorphosis could Pythagoras have desired? How Ovid and Horace exulted in anticipating theirs! And how the world have justified their exultation! They had a right to triumph over brass and marble. It is the only visible change which changes no farther; which generates and yet is not destroyed. Consider: mines themselves are exhausted; cities perish;

kingdoms are swept away, and man weeps with indignation to think that his own body is not immortal.

“Muoiono le citta, muoiono i regni,
El’ uom d’ esser mortal par che si sdegni.”

Yet this little body of thought, that lies before me in the shape of a book, has existed thousands of years, nor since the invention of the press can anything short of an universal convulsion of nature abolish it. To a shape like this, so small yet so comprehensive, so light yet so lasting, so insignificant yet so venerable, turns the mighty activity of Homer, and so turning, is enabled to live and warm us for ever. To a shape like this turns the placid sage of Academus: to a shape like this the grandeur of Milton, the exuberance of Spenser, the pungent elegance of Pope, and the volatility of Prior. In one small room, like the compressed spirits of Milton, can be gathered together

“The assembled souls of all that men held wise.”

May I hope to become the meanest of these existences? This is a question which every author who is a lover of books asks himself some time in his life; and which must be pardoned, because it cannot be helped. I know not. I cannot exclaim with the poet,

“Oh that my name were number’d among theirs,
Then gladly would I end my mortal days.”

For my mortal days, few and feeble as the rest of them may be, are of consequence to others. But I

should like to remain visible in this shape. The little of myself that pleases myself, I could wish to be accounted worth pleasing others. I should like to survive so, were it only for the sake of those who love me in private, knowing as I do what a treasure is the possession of a friend's mind when he is no more. At all events, nothing while I live and think can deprive me of my value for such treasures. I can help the appreciation of them while I last, and love them till I die; and perhaps, if fortune turns her face once more in kindness upon me before I go, I may chance, some quiet day, to lay my overbeating temples on a book, and so have the death I most envy.

VII. THE DISCOVERY OF SANSKRIT

BY HOLGER PEDERSEN

From *Linguistic Science in the Nineteenth Century*

It is no exaggeration to say that Sanskrit is the most remarkable language that the world has seen, and we in India should be proud of this. Our leading languages such as Hindusthani, Bengali and Marathi are derivatives of Sanskrit. Prof. Pedersen of the University of Copenhagen tells us here of the revolutionary effect that the discovery of Sanskrit had on linguistic studies in the West. The Hindu grammarians were the founders of linguistic science, and in comparison with their work that of the Greeks—the leading intellectual nation in Europe—was crude and childish. Elsewhere in the book from which this extract is taken the author says “The knowledge of the language of ancient India was a genuine revelation”. The translation from the original Danish was made by Prof. J. W. Spargo of the North-Western University in America.

IN very ancient times the Indians had already developed a literature. Its oldest monuments are religious in content. The Vedas (veda=knowledge) are collections of ritualistic hymns, the oldest being the so-called Rig Veda. The oldest prose works are what might be called theological dissertations. To determine exactly the age of the most ancient literature is very difficult, as the Indians did not interest themselves in history or chronology. One's

conclusions must be drawn from internal evidence. The geographical area of the Rig Veda is the region about the Indus, and its hymns apparently date from a period before the spread of the incoming people of Indo-European race throughout India was complete. Thus they reflect a stage of society and of civilisation very different from that of later periods. With these facts in view, it is customary to date the oldest Vedic literature about 1500 B.C. One scholar, alleging astronomical observations, would place the date at least a thousand years earlier. To what extent reminiscences of so ancient a time are actually to be found in the hymns of the Rig Veda does not concern us here; but it is incredible that the Rig Veda as an organic whole can date from such a period. It is difficult enough to explain how Vedic literature could have survived from 1500 B.C. to the time when the Indians created their own delicate script on the basis of the Semitic alphabet, apparently about 800 B.C. The explanation is to be found in the constant care with which the Indians watched over the correctness of the sacred words, even down to the finest shades of pronunciation, in the belief that otherwise their religious sacrifices would fail to produce a beneficial effect, or might even work harm. This solicitude for the sacred texts gave the first impulse to the study of grammar, which subsequently was applied to secular literature. This secular literature, written in a form of the language to which the name Sanskrit is given in a narrower sense, because it varies slightly from Vedic, comprises great epic poems, lyrical and

dramatic works (the most famous of which is the *Sakuntala* of Kalidasa), fables, and philosophical treatises. It is a rich and varied literature.

Sanskrit quickly became a learned tongue, like Latin in Europe, and has maintained itself as such among the Brahmins to the present day. It has been victorious time after time in struggles for existence against later (middle Indian) literary languages. The moment at which it ceased to be a living language is hard to determine. It survived longest among the higher castes. As late as the time of the famous Indian grammarian Panini, probably about 300 B.C., Sanskrit must have been current among certain castes. But among the people in general at that time, and even earlier, the language had changed considerably. Thus the Buddhist king Asoka about 250 B.C. used in his numerous inscriptions, which are the oldest Indian inscriptions we have, not Sanskrit, but a more recent form, Prakrit. And in Indian drama it is the general rule that only men of the higher castes speak Sanskrit, while members of the lower castes and women speak Prakrit.

The latest stage in the evolution of the language of India is that of recent times, modern Indian. The date of the rise of modern Indian as a spoken language is uncertain. It first begins to appear in literature in the twelfth century of our era. Today there are about twenty-five different languages in India, all descended from Sanskrit. The most widely known dialects are Bengali and Hindustani. But the Indo-

European peoples of India did not succeed in extending their language throughout the Indian peninsula; approximately one-fourth of the population speak non-Indo-European languages.

A very remarkable modern Indian language is that of the Gypsies, a language whose dialects are spoken by wandering tribes the world over. It is not to be confused with the artificial thieves' jargon employed by sundry other 'travellers' of uncertain origin. A study of the language of the Gypsies shows easily enough that their home is in India, and we can locate it even more definitely: the European Gypsies must have come from north-western India. In the course of their distant wanderings they accumulated a number of loan-words which indicate the direction in which they travelled. Greece was evidently the common home of the European Gypsies for a considerable period. These nomads first appeared in western Europe in the fifteenth century.

As early as the sixteenth century, we find the first notices by European scholars of the Gypsy language; e.g. by Bonaventura Vulcanius in his book on the language of the Goths. This was Europe's first acquaintance with the languages of India, which thus early were as unhappily represented as possible; but no one suspected that these troublesome roaming visitors hailed from India. They were supposed to have originated in Egypt, and it was not until the end of the eighteenth century that observation of the resemblance between Gypsy and Hindustani put European scholars on the right track.

On the other hand, the ancient and precious linguistic tradition of India remained completely unknown in Europe. In ancient times, Europeans had no knowledge of Sanskrit, in spite of the domination of the Greeks in India during the period after Alexander the Great. The whole spirit of antiquity was obstructive. Not only did the Greeks look upon the Indians as barbarians; the Indians in their turn would have as little as possible to do with the Greeks. And even for modern Europe Sanskrit remained practically an unknown tongue until the beginning of the nineteenth century. Occasionally a European had had occasion to acquire a more or less thorough knowledge of Sanskrit, but the results of this knowledge had not been published.

It was English rule in India which gradually brought about more direct contact, and English scholarship first spread the knowledge of Sanskrit in Europe. The impression the language made on English scholars is best seen in an often quoted statement of Sir William Jones in 1786, to the effect that Sanskrit in relation to Greek and Latin "bears a stronger affinity, both in the roots of verbs and in the forms of grammar, than could possibly have been produced by accident; so strong, indeed, that no philosopher could examine them all three without believing them to have sprung from some common source." But it was not until the first decade of the nineteenth century that Sanskrit grammars by English authors began to appear; and because of Napoleon's continental blockade these books were not obtainable on

the mainland. Dictionaries and texts were lacking. Yet the library in Paris possessed a number of Indian manuscripts, so that the study of Sanskrit could be pursued there. This Friedrich von Schlegel did during his stay in Paris beginning in 1803. As the result of his studies he published a book *Über die Sprache und Weisheit der Indier* (Heidelberg, 1808). Its great importance was the awakening of a lively interest in and enthusiasm for Indian culture; but it also expressed certain correct ideas on language. We find here for the first time the expression *comparative grammar*. Sanskrit had its influence upon Friedrich von Schlegel as well as upon William Jones!

But the first to introduce the real study of Sanskrit philology on the continent was Friedrich von Schlegel's brother, August Wilhelm von Schlegel, who became Professor of Sanskrit in Bonn, where his pupil, the Norwegian Christian Lassen also worked. The first to begin the comparative linguistic analysis of Sanskrit was Franz Bopp (1816). From this time on, the study of Sanskrit struck fast root in Europe, where there is hardly a university of any importance which has not a chair in the subject. In America it is taught in at least twelve Universities.

The knowledge of Sanskrit was bound to have revolutionary consequences. The mere fact that scholars were unexpectedly confronted with a third classical language in addition to Greek and Latin was sufficient to shake their reliance on the easy-going ways of thinking that had satisfied previous centuries.

Latin had been regarded as a sort of corrupted Greek, and the resemblances between Latin and the other European languages had been explained in the same superficial way, as due to the preponderating cultural influence of Latin in Europe. But a similar offhand explanation of the resemblance between the ancient languages and this new-found Sanskrit was not possible: its home was too distant, and its remote cultural world was entirely independent of both Graeco-Roman and modern civilisation. Thus influenced by their knowledge of Sanskrit, both Sir William Jones and Friedrich von Schlegel express quite modern ideas on the relationship of languages. And when a thorough comparison of Sanskrit with the principal European languages was begun by Bopp, the peculiar structural clarity of the language, and an acquaintance with the system of the Indian grammarians, naturally produced a strong impression upon European scholars.

For it cannot be denied that Sanskrit is far clearer than Greek, not to speak of Latin. This clarity is due first and foremost to its age and primitiveness, in which two respects it unquestionably surpasses Greek. And the changes from the original Indo-European did not disguise the form of the word so much as in Greek. It is easy to understand, also, that the first students of comparative linguistics were inclined to follow this lodestar blindly, so much so that they did not sufficiently keep in view the fact that Sanskrit itself deviates from the original language; and they often forgot to inquire whether

the other languages had not here and there preserved older forms.

The perspicuity of their language led the ancient Indian grammarians to the principles of correct analysis. The Romans were capable of believing that *vulpēs* "fox," genitive *vulp-is*, contains the word *pēs* "foot," genitive *ped-is*, because they did not know how to derive the stem of the word from a comparison of the various inflectional forms, and the Greeks in this respect were no wiser. But the Indian grammarians were never capable of floundering in such confusion. They derived the stem correctly from inflectional forms, the root from the several groups of the related words; they ascertained the laws of derivation and composition, and so forth. This system created by the Indians could be taken over by nineteenth century students of comparative linguistics and applied to their problems, simply because Sanskrit throughout stands so close to the original type of our family languages. Besides, the Indians had observed carefully the vowel changes which took place in inflection and derivation, and since these, also, were inherited from the parent language (cf. English *drive*, *drove*, *driven*), their observations also passed over into the new comparative linguistics. It should be noted that the Greeks did not concern themselves with this kind of vowel change, although it plays a great part in their language. What the Indian grammarians had discovered thus came to be applied in a way they never anticipated.

VIII. HOW I BEGAN

BY A. J. CRONIN

From *Beginnings*

FICTION forms an important part of literature, and many works of fiction have appeared in recent years. Some of them have sold in their hundred thousands, though this does not prove that they possess the enduring qualities that will make them classics. Dr. Cronin, a successful London physician, has had the good fortune of producing a "best seller" in his first attempt at novel-writing, and he describes here, with refreshing humour, "how he began". *Hatter's Castle* appeared in 1931. Other great novels, *The Stars Look Down* and *The Citadel*, have since followed, and the doctor has given up his profession. Cronin's novels will, as far as we can see, escape the ravages of time.

THE record of my beginning ought really to be entitled. "How Not to Become an Author." I do not submit it as an exemplar, but rather as a Warning. (Yet I *am* apparently an author, and, to my amazement, an author who makes a living from his trade.)

Most novelists who suddenly blaze into print after they have reached the thirties have practised their vice secretly for years. If you tax them with it they may pass the thing off with a laugh, but in their hearts they cannot remember a time when they did not long

to write. (Arnold Bennett, for example, is reputed to have composed a sonnet at his mother's knee; while Ethel Mannin produced some scintillating essays before the age of puberty.) But I . . . I concealed no demiurge beneath my childish jersey. And in my adult life, for fifteen weary years, I wrote nothing but prescriptions.

Often I admit, there were moments during my work as a doctor when the peculiarity of some patient would move me to that inhuman delight in the oddness of life which is one of the basic elements of the novelist's attitude. I did feel that here was something of life, something vivid and vital which deserved to be set down. But at the end of the consultation, when the pen went to paper, it was only to record: Rx. The mixture as before.

Many people, by-the-bye, contemplating the number of doctors who have become novelists—Conan Doyle, Georges Duhamel, Somerset Maugham, Helen Ashton, de Vere Stacpoole, and Warwick Deeping, are names which come immediately to mind—must have wondered whether there is not some important point of liaison between these two professions. But if in my own case some connection must be found, it was merely that the rigours of general practice led me to long (naively, as I now know to my cost) for the "quiet haven" of authorship. And so once or twice during my medical years, after a particularly trying day, the notion of a novel would enter my head, and I would remark speculatively to my wife: "You know, I believe I could write a bit if I had time."

And she, looking at me over her knitting, would reply kindly: "Do you, dear?" Then, very tactfully, lead me to talk about my golf handicap.

But for Nemesis—or, in humbler language, a piece of seemingly bad luck—I should probably still be dealing out bromides to neurotic spinsters. There is said to be a destiny which affects our ends. In my case it affected my inside. After I had been practising several years in the West End of London, I developed what, in the army, used to be summarily denoted as a "gastric stomach." I was, so to speak, hoist with my own petard: for ten years I had been handing out all sorts of delightful complaints, but now some of my friends in Harley Street put their heads together and handed out this one to me. I protested. I think I said that their action amounted to a breach of medical etiquette, but it was no use. The sentence, in the traditional Harley Street manner, was immutable: low diet and six months' rest without the option.

And then, as I got up from the couch in that wretched consulting room and began to hitch my braces, a dazzling thought transfixed me.

"By heaven!" I thought, "gastric stomach or no gastric stomach, now I have the opportunity to write a novel." And on my way home remembering that spelling had never been my strong point, I stopped at Mudie's and bought an English dictionary.

And so, symbolically at least, with the dictionary in one hand and a tin of Benger's in the other, I set

out for the Western Highlands to create a masterpiece. Strictly speaking, then, my first book, *Hatter's Castle*, was the product of a disordered digestion and not, as one lady who wrote to me inferred, of a disordered mind.

I ought here to say that my family had accompanied me to the farm outside Inveraray—a place chosen with much care as being suitable for the birthplace of a Great Work—and now they awaited developments with interest.

You see, having emphatically declared before my entire household that I *would* write a novel (tacitly inferring, of course, that it was the fault of every member of this household that I had not already written twenty novels), I found myself faced with the unpleasant necessity of justifying my rash remarks. All I could do was to retire, with a show of courage and deep purpose, to the little room upstairs which had been at once selected as “the room for Daddy to write in.” Here I was confronted by a square deal table, which my wife insisted was “just the thing,” by a neat pile of virgin two-penny exercise books, and—precisely laid out beside the books—by the English dictionary I had purchased so sanguinely. Nor must I forget the Benger's, treasured in some suitable domestic background, for I am proud of that bland stimulus. Too often in the bad old days brandy has been the chief inspiration of long winded novelists.

It was the morning following our arrival. Amazingly—for that latitude—the sun shone. Our little rowing

boat danced entrancingly at anchor on the loch, waiting to be rowed. My car stood in the garage, waiting to be driven. The trout in the burn lay head to tail, waiting to be caught. The hills stood fresh and green, waiting to be climbed. And I—I stood at the window of the little upstairs room. I looked at the sun, the loch, the boat, the car, the burn, and the mountains; then sadly turned and sat down before my deal table, my exercise books, and my dictionary. “What a fool you are,” I said to myself gloomily, and I used an adjective to magnify my imbecility. How often during the next three months was I to repeat that assertion—each time with stronger adjectives.

But in the meantime I was going to begin. Firmly I opened the first exercise book, firmly I jogged my fountain pen out of its habitual inertia. Firmly I poised that pen and lifted my head for inspiration.

It was a pleasant view through that narrow window: a long green field ran down to a bay of the loch. There was movement. Six cows, couched in the shadow of a hawthorn hedge, ruminated; an old goat with an arresting beard tinkled his bell in search, I thought, of dandelions; a yellow butterfly hovered indecisively above a scarlet spurt of fuchsia; some white hens pottered about, liable to sudden flusters and retreats, some majestic fowls strutted in sudden excitements and pursuits.

It had all a seductive, dreamlike interest. I thought I might contemplate the scene for a minute or two

before settling down to work. I contemplated. Then somebody knocked at the door and said, "Lunch time." I started, and searched hopefully for my glorious beginning, only to find that the exercise book still retained its blank virginity.

I rose and went downstairs, and as I descended those white scrubbed wooden steps, I asked myself angrily if I were not a humbug. Was I like the wretched poet d'Argenton in Daudet's *Jack*, with his *Parva Domus*, *Magna Quies*, and his *Daughter of Faust*, which, as the days slipped on, never progressed beyond that still-born opening sentence: "In a remote valley of the Pyrenees teeming with legends?" Was I like that? I carved the mutton glumly. My two young sons, removed by their nurse to a remote distance in order that they might on no account disturb the novelist, had returned in spirits. The younger, aged four, now lisped breezily: "Finished your book yet, Daddy?" The elder always of a corrective tendency, affirmed with the superior wisdom of his two additional years: "Don't be silly. Daddy's only half finished." Whereupon their mother smiled upon them reprovably: "No, dears, Daddy can only have written a chapter or two."

I felt not like a humbug, but like a criminal. For my worry was not merely the ridiculous one of justifying myself before the household, but a far greater anxiety about our future. Naturally this enforced rest would eat into my savings, and the prospect of ultimately returning to a profession I disliked would

not hasten my recovery. It seemed to me that the success of this projected novel was my only hope. And yet I had wasted a whole morning dreaming at a window!

I remembered the aphorism of an old school-master of mine. "Get it down," he used to declare. "If it stays in your head, it'll never be anything. Get it down." So after lunch I went straight upstairs and began to get my ideas down.

I took immense pains with that first chapter, and laboured over such redundant details as a minute description of the "Castle," reading up Architecture in the Encyclopaedia in my burning desire for accuracy. I can smile now at the many hours I spent creating this and other waste tissue. But then, some of the technical difficulties of writing proved very great. For instance, I was always dissatisfied with the construction of sentences, and went to endless trouble to alter them into forms far less effective than the original. Again, I wrote the first two parts without in the least knowing what was going to happen in the third book, but here the character of the Hatter came to my aid and carried the novel to its inevitable ending.

Indeed, I could fill a volume with the emotional experiences of those next three months. There were, inevitably, moments when the thing possessed me, and I thought—surely, yes, surely this is worth while. You remember how Thackeray, writing feverishly far into the small hours of the morning, finished that scene in *Vanity Fair* where Becky is discovered by her

husband, Rawdon, with my Lord Steyne, and how, carried away by his own feelings, Thackeray threw down his pen and cried to the empty room: "Sublime, sir! By heavens, it's sublime!"

Blundering along in this first incoherent attempt at self-expression, it came even to me—a faint gleam of this achievement, the feeling that something was rising out of the dead words.

But there were other moments—not moments, but hours, and even days—when nothing in the universe was right, when I classed myself morosely as an inept, presumptuous fool—madder than the Hatter I was attempting to create. I shall never cease to wonder how I managed to finish this first novel. I had no reason whatever to believe that I could succeed in the task I had set myself. But my lack of confidence was balanced by the ceaseless drive of my anxiety. I argued with myself that failure meant a return to doctoring, that I must carry through this one attempt to escape. If it was unsuccessful I could at least return to my work and resign myself to my fate knowing that I had made the only possible effort for freedom. However, in spite of my reasonable arguments, these alternating moods were difficult to subdue.

I remember vividly the day—it was in point of fact my birthday—when the typescript of Book I. arrived from London. My typist, an elderly, infirm lady who had been a patient of mine, had done her work nobly. Yet, when I read those first chapters, my heart sank within me. "Have I," I asked myself, "written

this awful, this incredibly awful nonsense?" The words leapt at me from the pages with devastating banality. I felt not like an author but like an idiot, and I had the impulse there and then to tear up all that I had written, to abandon the whole thing. Without knowing it, I had reached that stage which, I am now informed, every author reaches with every book. It is the stage when the author stands, so to speak, with his manuscript in his hand and cries out to the moon: "Am I going on with this, or am I not?" This rather touching picture of an author at the cross-roads is faintly reminiscent of Alice's interview with the Cheshire Cat. But the position, though ludicrous, is not altogether pleasant, and the impulse towards destruction—I mean, naturally, of the manuscript—is a powerful one.

In my own case, for better or worse, I withstood temptation—the balance fell against the tearing. I went on writing. I wrote harder than ever. I wrote, indeed, as many as five thousand words each day. I finished the book with a last desperate spurt. Good, bad, or indifferent I did not then care. The only thing that mattered was that I was rid of it. The relief, the sense of emancipation, was inexpressible. It was finished; I had done it; in three months I had written a novel; and so a sense of achievement intermingling subtly with this glorious feeling of freedom, I began to row, to fish, to climb those mountains to my heart's content.

But now, gradually, through this afterglow of

triumph, realization slowly came that the labour of writing the book was not quite everything. There was, for example, the minor matter of publication. I hadn't thought of that before. I felt myself at a very real disadvantage, as I had no friends in the Press, no influence in the world of letters. I knew none of those *pashas* whose advertisements blazon the pages of literary supplements, and so I was obliged to choose a publisher at random. My conception of a publisher was like the young James Barrie's idea of an editor—a godlike creature approachable only by lesser deities. I was very much afraid that this omniscient being might not condescend to acknowledge my tentative communications. And so, with this doubt in my mind, I wrote to *four* publishers, asking if they were prepared to read my manuscript. I hoped that, with luck, one out of the four might deign, in a moment of absent-minded graciousness, to reply.

They all replied. I tell you this to explode the fallacy that unknown authors cannot get their manuscripts read. And not only will manuscripts be read. If work has merit at all, it will be accepted. Publishers are not too ruthless, but too kind. They accept far too many first novels, in the same spirit, I suppose, in which racegoers back "dark horses."

In my own case the first publisher stated that he would read my novel; the second that he would be pleased to read my novel; the third firm informed me that they would be very pleased to read my novel; but the fourth, ah, the fourth gentleman—he said

that he would be *delighted* to read my novel. He, then, in his courtesy, became my victim. I dispatched the manuscript to him by return of post. Then I deliberately put the whole venture out of my head.

I am not ignorant of the polite fiction of the anxious author rising each morning, with straining eyes and palpitating bosom, to meet the postman; but, although I will concede that author at the cross-roads, I cannot help to perpetuate the picture of the author quivering at the postman's knock. At any rate, I was not like that. I was aware now, only too sadly, too fully aware of the faults in my work. I knew that it was too long, too ponderous, too thoroughly over-written. I knew that it had no merit but a possible sincerity, that it had not the remotest chance of recognition. And so I made the subject taboo amongst my family. I announced that when this thing—we had fallen into the habit of calling it *the thing*—when this thing returned there was to be no word spoken of condolence or regret.

I was stunned when, a month later, I received word that *the thing* had been accepted. Though I shall never forget the wild exhilaration of that moment, hours passed before I completely realized my phenomenal luck. Then for some time the whole household was topsy-turvy with excitement. When I calmed down, I decided that I must be very level-headed, and wondered staidly whether the book would sell enough copies to justify postponing my return to medical

work in order to write a second novel (now that the first step was taken, I did not dare to contemplate the possibility of giving up my practice altogether).

The events which followed made me feel that at any moment I might wake to cold reality from this delightful dream. The novel was chosen by the Book Society, and has since sold one hundred thousand copies in this country and America. It was translated into six languages. It was serialized and dramatized. And, crowning touch of magnificent unreality, a shop in Bond Street now sports the name of *Hatter's Castle*.

I never pass that establishment without experiencing an inward twinge, but whether it be ecstasy or remorse I cannot tell.

NATURE AND ART

IX. ANGLING AS A PASTIME

BY IZAAK WALTON

From *The Compleat Angler*

AMONG the pleasures of a quiet and contemplative life many would include angling, a pastime which encourages patience, perseverance and a cheerful outlook on life. Some would add that it encourages also the telling of the "tall story" of the fish that "got away". To have won for angling an abiding place in literature was the achievement of a 17th Century ironmonger, who gave up his profession to cultivate the friendship of clergymen. It has been said of Walton that his immortality is more secure than that of many other illustrious names. This extract will help you to make the acquaintance of a classic of English prose; it may also make you love Nature more.

Piscator. Then first, for the antiquity of Angling, of which I shall not say much, but only this; some say it is as ancient as Deucalion's flood: others that Belus, who was the first inventor of godly and virtuous recreations, was the first inventor of Angling: and some others say, for former times have had their disquisitions about the antiquity of it, that Seth, one of the sons of Adam, taught it to his sons, and that by them it was derived to posterity: others say, that he left it engraven on those pillars which he erected. and trusted to preserve the knowledge of the

mathematics, music, and the rest of that precious knowledge, and those useful arts, which by God's appointment or allowance, and his noble industry, were thereby preserved from perishing in Noah's flood.

These, Sir, have been the opinions of several men, that have possibly endeavoured to make angling more ancient than is needful, or may well be warranted; but for my part, I shall content myself in telling you, that angling is much more ancient than the incarnation of our Saviour; for in the Prophet Amos mention is made of fish-hooks; and in the Book of Job, which was long before the days of Amos, for that book is said to be writ by Moses, mention is made also of fish-hooks, which must imply anglers in those times.

But, my worthy friend, as I would rather prove myself a gentleman, by being learned and humble, valiant and inoffensive, virtuous and communicable, than by any fond ostentation of riches, or, wanting those virtues myself, boast that these were in my ancestors (and yet I grant, that where a noble and ancient descent and such merits meet in any man, it is a double dignification of that person :) So if this antiquity of angling, (which for my part I have not forced,) shall, like an ancient family, be either an honour or an ornament to this virtuous art which I profess to love and practise, I shall be the gladder that I made an accidental mention of the antiquity of it; of which I shall say no more, but proceed to that just commendation which I think it deserves.

And for that, I shall tell you, that in ancient times a debate hath risen, (and it remains yet unresolved) whether the happiness of man in this world doth consist more in contemplation or action?

Concerning which, some have endeavoured to maintain their opinion of the first; by saying, That the nearer we mortals come to God by way of imitation, the more happy we are. And they say, That God enjoys himself only, by a contemplation of his own infiniteness, eternity, power, and goodness, and the like. And upon this ground, many cloistered men of great learning, and devotion, prefer contemplation before action. And many of the fathers seem to approve this opinion, as may appear in their commentaries upon the words of our Saviour to Martha, Luke 10, 41, 42.

And on the contrary, there want not men of equal authority and credit, that prefer action to be the more excellent; as namely, experiments in physic, and the application of it, both for the ease and prolongation of man's life; by which each man is enabled to act and do good to others; either to serve his country, or do good to particular persons; and they say also, That action is doctrinal, and teaches both art and virtue, and is a maintainer of human society; and for these, and other like reasons, to be preferred before contemplation.

Concerning which two opinions I shall forbear to add a third, by declaring my own; and rest myself contented in telling you, my very worthy friend, that

both these meet together, and do most properly belong to the most honest, ingenuous, quiet, and harmless art of angling.

And first, I shall tell you what some have observed, and I have found it to be a real truth, that the very sitting by the river's side is not only the quietest and fittest place for contemplation, but will invite an angler to it: and this seems to be maintained by the learned Pet. du Moulin, who, in his discourse of the fulfilling of Prophecies, observes, that when God intended to reveal any future events or high notions to his prophets, he then carried them either to the deserts, or the sea-shore, that having so separated them from amidst the press of people and business, and the cares of the world, he might settle their mind in a quiet repose, and there make them fit for revelation.

And this seems also to be intimated by the children of Israel (Psal. 137), who having in a sad condition banished all mirth and music from their pensive hearts, and having hung up their then mute harps upon the willow trees growing by the rivers of Babylon, sat down upon those banks, bemoaning the ruins of Sion, and contemplating their own sad condition.

And an ingenuous Spaniard says, That rivers and the inhabitants of the watery element were made for wise men to contemplate, and fools to pass by without consideration. And though I will not rank myself in the number of the first, yet give me leave

to free myself from the last, by offering you a short contemplation, first of rivers, and then of fish; concerning which I doubt not but to give you many observations that will appear very considerable: I am sure they have appeared so to me, and made many an hour pass away more pleasantly, as I have sat quietly on a flowery bank by a calm river, and contemplated what I shall now relate to you.

And first concerning rivers; there be so many wonders reported and written of them, and of the several creatures that be bred and live in them, and those by authors of so good credit, that we need not to deny them an historical faith.

As namely of a river in Epirus that puts out any lighted torch, and kindles any torch that was not lighted. Some waters being drank, cause madness, some drunkenness, and some laughter to death. The river Selarus in a few hours turns a rod or wand to stone: and our Camden mentions the like in England, and the like in Lochmere in Ireland. There is also a river in Arabia, of which all the sheep that drink thereof have their wool turned into a vermilion colour. And one of no less credit than Aristotle, tells us of a merry river, the river Elusina, that dances at the noise of music, for with music it bubbles, dances, and grows sandy, and so continues till the music ceases, but then it presently returns to its wonted calmness and clearness. And Camden tell us of a well near to Kirby in Westmoreland, that ebbs and flows several times every day: and he tells us of a

river in Surrey (it is called Mole) that after it has run several miles, being opposed by hills, finds or makes itself a way under ground, and breaks out again so far off, that the inhabitants thereabout boast, as the Spaniards do of their river Anus, that they feed divers flocks of sheep upon a bridge. And lastly for I would not tire your patience, one of no less authority than Josephus, that learned Jew, tells us of a river in Judea that runs swiftly all the six days of the week, and stands still and rests all their Sabbath.

But I will lay aside my discourse of rivers, and tell you some things of the monsters, or fish, call them what you will, that they breed and feed in them. Pliny the philosopher says (in the third chapter of his ninth book) that in the Indian Sea, the fish called the Balaena or whirlpool, is so long and broad, as to take up more in length and breadth than two acres of ground; and, of other fish of two hundred cubits long; and that in the river Ganges, there be Eels of thirty foot long. He says there, that these monsters appear in that sea only, when the tempestuous winds oppose the torrents of waters falling from the rocks into it, and so turning what lay at the bottom to be seen on the water's top. And he says, that the people of Cadara, an island near this place, make the timber for their houses of those fish-bones. He there tells us, that there are sometimes a thousand of those great Eels found wrapt, or interwoven together. He tells us there, that it appears that dolphins love music, and will come, when called for,

by some men or boys, that know and use to feed them; and that they can swim as swift as an arrow can be shot out a bow; and much of this is spoken concerning the dolphin, and other fish, as may be found also in learned Dr. Casaubon's *Discourse of Credulity and Incredulity*, printed by him about the year 1670.

I know, we Islanders are averse to the belief of these wonders; but there be so many strange creatures to be now seen, many collected by John Tredecant and others added by my friend Elias Ashmole, Esq., who now keeps them carefully and methodically at his house near to Lambeth, near London, as may get some belief of some of the other wonders I mentioned. I will tell you some of the wonders that you may now see, and not till then believe, unless you think fit.

You may there see the Hog-fish, the Dog-fish, the Dolphin, the Cony-fish, the Parrot-fish, the Shark, the Poison-fish, Sword-fish, and not only other incredible fish, but you may there see the Salamander, several sorts of Barnacles, of Solan Geese, the Bird of Paradise, such sorts of Snakes, and such Bird's-nests, and of so various forms, and so wonderfully made, as may beget wonder and amusement in any beholder: and so many hundred of other rarities in that collection. as will make the other wonders I spake of, the less incredible; for, you may note, that the waters are Nature's store-house, in which she locks up her wonders.

And as concerning fish, in that Psalm (Psal. 104), wherein, for height of poetry and wonders, the prophet David seems even to exceed himself, how doth he there express himself in choice metaphors, even to the amazement of a contemplative reader, concerning the sea, the rivers, and the fish therein contained! And the great naturalist Pliny says, That nature's great and wonderful power is more demonstrated in the sea than on the land. And this may appear by the numerous and various creatures inhabiting both in and about that element; as to the readers of Gesner, Rondeletius, Pliny, Ausonius, Aristotle, and others, may be demonstrated.

These seem to be wonders; but have had so many confirmations from men of learning and credit, that you need not doubt them; nor are the number, nor the various shapes, of fishes more strange, or more fit for contemplation, than their different natures, inclinations, and actions; concerning which, I shall beg your patient ear a little longer.

The Cuttle-fish will cast a long gut out of her throat, which (like as an Angler doth his line) she sendeth forth and pulleth in again at her pleasure, according as she sees some little fish come near to her; and the Cuttle-fish (being then hid in the gravel) lets the smaller fish nibble and bite the end of it; at which time she, by little and little, draws the smaller fish so near to her, that she may leap upon her, and then catches and devours her: and for this reason some have called this fish the Sea-angler.

And there is a fish called a Hermit, that at a certain age gets into a dead fish's shell, and, like a hermit, dwells there alone, studying the wind and weather; and so turns her shell, that she makes it defend her from the injuries that they would bring upon her.

There is also a fish called by Aelian (in his ninth book of *Living Creatures*, Chap. 16) the Adonis, or Darling of the Sea; so called, because it is a loving and innocent fish, a fish that hurts nothing that hath life, and is at peace with all the numerous inhabitants of that vast watery element; and truly, I think most Anglers are so disposed to most of mankind.

Sir, these examples may, to you and others, seem strange; but they are testified, some by Aristotle, some by Pliny, some by Gesner, and by many others of credit; and are believed and known by divers, both of wisdom and experience, to be a truth; and indeed are, as I said at the beginning, fit for the contemplation of a most serious and a most pious man. And, doubtless, this made the prophet David say, They that occupy themselves in deep waters, see the wonderful works of God; indeed such wonders, and pleasures too, as the land affords not.

X. DELHI AND AGRA

BY REGINALD HEBER

*From Narrative of a Journey through the
Upper Provinces of India.*

THE architectural achievements of the Mughal era are a part of the splendour that was India, and they have brought us renown for many centuries. Milton in his splendid list of "cities of old or modern fame, the seat of mightiest empire" includes "Agra and Lahore of great Mogul". Reginald Heber was appointed Bishop of Calcutta in 1823 and spent the winter of 1824-5 in a tour of the northern provinces. In this extract from his *Narrative* we learn of the impression made on an Englishman by mediæval Indian art. To learn the exact meaning of the technical terms employed by Bishop Heber is to add to one's appreciation of the finer points of Indian architecture.

December 29. The morning was clear and pleasant, and the air and soil delightfully refreshed by the rain. I rode Cabul, and arrived by about eight o'clock on the banks of the Jumna, on the other side of which I had a noble view of Delhi, which is a larger and finer city than I expected to see. The inhabited part of it, for the ruins extend over a surface as large as London, Westminster, and Southwark, is about seven miles in circuit, seated on a rocky range of hills, and surrounded by an embattled wall, which the English

Government have put into repair, and are now engaged in strengthening with bastions, a moat and a regular glacis. The houses within are many of them large and high. There are a great number of mosques, with high minarets and gilded domes, and above all are seen the palace, a very high and extensive cluster of gothic towers and battlements, and the Jumna Masjeed, the largest and handsomest place of Mussalman worship in India. The chief materials of all these fine buildings is red granite of a very agreeable though solemn colour, inlaid in some of the ornamental parts with white marble, and the general style of building is of a simple and impressive character, which reminded me, in many respects, of Carnarvon. It far exceeds anything at Moscow.

December 30. We passed, in our way to the Agra gate, along a very broad but irregular street, with a channel of water, cased with stone, conducted along its middle. Half-way along this street, and nearly opposite another great street with a similar branch of the canal, which runs at right angles to the former, stands the Imperial palace, built by the Emperor Shah Jehan, surrounded on this side by a wall of, I should think, sixty feet high, embattled and machicollated, with small round towers and two noble gateways, each defended by an outer barbican of the same construction, though of less height. The whole is of red granite, and surrounded by a wide moat. It is a place of no strength, the walls being only calculated for bows and arrows or musquetry, but as

a kingly residence it is one of the noblest that I have seen. It far surpasses the Kremlin, but I do not think that, except in the durability of its materials, it equals Windsor.

Sentries in red coats, (Sepoys of the Company's regular army), appear at its exterior, but the internal duties, and, indeed, most of the police duties of Delhi, are performed by the two provincial battalions raised in the Emperor's name, and nominally under his orders. These are disciplined pretty much like Europeans, but have matchlock guns and the oriental dress, and their commanding officer, Captain Grant of the Company's service, is considered as one of the domestics of the Mogul, and has apartments in the palace.

From the gate of Agra to Humaioon's tomb is a very awful scene of desolation, ruins after ruins, tombs after tombs, fragments of brick-work, freestone, granite, and marble, scattered everywhere over a soil naturally rocky and barren, without cultivation, except in one or two small spots, and without a single tree. I was reminded of Caffa in the Crimea, but this was Caffa on the scale of London, with the wretched fragments of a magnificence such as London itself cannot boast. The ruins really extended as far as the eye could reach, and our track wound among them all the way. This was the seat of old Delhi, as founded by the Patan kings, on the ruins of the still larger Hindoo city of Indraput, which lay chiefly in a western direction. When the present city, which is

certainly in a more advantageous situation, was founded by the Emperor Shah Jehan, he removed many of the inhabitants thither; most of the rest followed, to be near the palace and the principal markets; and as during the Maharatta government there was no sleeping in a safe skin without the walls old Delhi was soon entirely abandoned. The official name of the present city is Shahjehan-poor, "city of the king of the world" but the name of Delhi is always used in conversation and in every writing but those which are immediately offered to the Emperor's eye.

The *31st December* was fixed for my presentation to the Emperor, which was appointed for half-past eight in the morning. Lushington and a Captain Wade also chose to take the same opportunity. At eight I went, accompanied by Mr. Elliott, with nearly the same formalities as at Lucknow, except that we were on elephants instead of in palanquins, and that the procession was, perhaps, less splendid, and the beggars both less numerous and far less vociferous and importunate. We were received with presented arms by the troops of the palace drawn up within the barbican, and proceeded, still on our elephants through the noblest gateway and vestibule which I ever saw. It consists, not merely of a splendend gothic arch in the centre of the great gate-tower,—but, after that, of a long vaulted aisle like that of a gothic cathedral, with a small, open, octagonal court in its centre, all of granite, and all finely carved with inscriptions from the Koran, and with flowers. This ended in a ruinous

and exceedingly dirty stable-yard where we were received by Captain Grant and by a number of elderly men with large gold-headed canes. We were now told to dismount and proceed on foot. After this we passed another richly-carved, but ruinous and dirty gateway, where our guides, withdrawing a canvas screen, called out, in a sort of harsh chaunt, "Lo, the ornament of the world! Lo, the asylum of the nations! King of kings! The Emperor Akbar Shah! Just, fortunate, victorious!" We saw, in fact, a very handsome and striking court, about as big as that at All Souls, with low, but richly-ornamented buildings. Opposite to us was a beautiful open pavilion of white marble, richly caryed, flanked by rose-bushes and fountains, and some tapestry and striped curtains hanging in festoons about it, within which was a crowd of people, and the descendant of Tamerlane seated in the midst of them.

We then went into the hall of audience, which I had previously seen but imperfectly from the crowd of people and the necessity of attending to the forms which I had to go through. It is a very beautiful pavilion of white marble, open on one side to the court of the palace, and on the other to a large garden. Its pillars and arches are exquisitely carved and ornamented with gilt and inlaid flowers, and inscriptions in the most elaborate Persian character. Round the frieze is the motto, recorded, I believe, in Lalla Rookh,

"If there be an Elysium on earth,
It is this, it is this!"

The marble floor, where not covered by carpets, is all inlaid in the same beautiful manner with the little dressing-room, which I had quitted.

The gardens, which we next visited, are not large, but, in their way, must have been extremely rich and beautiful. They are full of very old orange and other fruit trees, with terraces and parterres, on which many rose bushes were growing, and even now, a few jonquils in flower. A channel of white marble for water, with little fountain-pipes of the same material, carved like roses, is carried here and there among these parterres, and at the end of the terrace is a beautiful octagonal pavilion, also of marble, lined with the same mosaic flowers as in the room which I first saw, with a fountain in its centre, and a beautiful bath in a recess on one of its sides. The windows of this pavilion, which is raised to the height of the city wall, command a good view of Delhi and its neighbourhood.

We were then taken to the private mosque of the palace, an elegant little building, exquisitely carved, but in a state of neglect and dilapidation, with peepuls allowed to spring from its walls, the exterior gilding partially torn from its dome, and some of its doors coarsely blocked up with unplastered brick and mortar.

We went last to the "Dewanee aum", or hall of public audience, which is in the outer court, and where on certain occasions the Great Mogul sat in state, to receive the compliments or petitions of his

subjects. This also is a splendid pavilion, open on three sides; on the fourth is a black wall, covered with mosaic work of flowers and leaves, and in the centre a throne raised about ten feet from the ground, with a small platform in front, where the vizier used to stand to hand up petitions to his master. Behind this throne are mosaic paintings of birds, animals, and flowers, and in the centre, what decides the point of their being the work of Italian, or at least European artists, a small groupe of Orpheus playing to the beasts.

January 11.—This morning we arrived at Secundra, nine coss from Furrâh, a ruinous village and without a bazar, but remarkable for the magnificent tomb of Akbar, the most splendid building in its way which I had yet seen in India. It stands in a square area of about forty English acres, enclosed by an embattled wall, with octagonal towers at the angles surmounted by open pavilions, and four very noble gateways of red granite, the principal of which has four high minarets. The space within is planted with trees and divided into green alleys, leading to the central building, which is a sort of solid pyramid surrounded externally with cloisters, galleries and domes, diminishing gradually on ascending it, till it ends in a square platform, surrounded by most elaborate lattice-work, in the centre of which is a small altar tomb, carved with a delicacy and beauty which do full justice to the material, and to the graceful forms of Arabic characters which form its chief ornament. At the bottom of the building, in a small but very

lofty vault, is the real tomb of this great monarch, plain and unadorned, but also of white marble. There are many other ruins in the vicinity, some of them apparently handsome, but Akbar's tomb leaves a stranger little time or inclination to look at any thing else.

In the evening I went with Mr. Irving to see the city of Agra, the fort, and the Jumna Musjeed. The city is large, old, and ruinous, with little to attract attention beyond that picturesque mixture of houses, balconies, projecting roofs, and groupes of people in the western dress, which is common to all Indian towns. The fort is very large and ancient, surrounded with high walls and towers of red stone, which command some noble views of the city, its neighbourhood, and the windings of the Jumna. The principal sights, however, which it contains, are the Motee Musjeed, a beautiful mosque carved with exquisite simplicity and elegance, and the palace built by Akbar, containing some noble rooms, now sadly disfigured and destroyed by neglect, and by being used as warehouses, armouries, offices, and lodging-rooms for the garrison.

The hall, now used as the "Dewanny Aum", or public court of justice is a splendid edifice, as large and more nobly simple than that of Delhi. The ornaments, carving and mosaic of the smaller apartments, in which was formerly the zennanah, are equal or superior to anything which is described as found in the Alhambra. The view from these rooms is very fine, at the same time that there are some, adapted

for the hot winds, from which light is carefully excluded. This suite is lined with small mirrors in fantastic frames; a cascade of water, also surrounded by mirrors, has been made to gush from a recess at the upper end, and marble channels, beautifully inlaid with cornelians, agate and jasper, convey the stream to every side of the apartment. In another of the towers are baths of equal beauty, one of which, a single block of white marble, Lord Hastings caused to be forced up from its situation, not without considerable injury both to the bath itself and the surrounding pavement, in order to carry it down to Calcutta. It was, however, too heavy for the common budgerow in use on the Jumna, and the bath remains to shame its spoliator.

January 13.—I went to see the celebrated Tagemahal, of which it is enough to say that, after hearing its praises ever since I had been in India, its beauty rather exceeded than fell short of my expectations. There was much, indeed, which I was not prepared for. The surrounding garden, which as well as the Tage itself, is kept in excellent order by Government, with its marble fountains, beautiful cypresses and other trees, and profusion of flowering shrubs, contrasts very finely with the white marble of which the tomb itself is composed, and takes off, by partially concealing it, from that stiffness which belongs more or less to every highly-finished building. The building itself is raised on an elevated terrace of white and yellow marble, and having at its angles

four tall minarets of the same material. The Taje contains, as usual, a central hall about as large as the interior of the Ratchiffe library, in which, enclosed within a carved screen of elaborate tracery, are the tombs of the Begum Noor-jehan, Shahjehan's beloved wife, to whom it was erected, and by her side, but a little raised above her of the unfortunate Emperor himself. Round this hall are a number of smaller apartments, corridors, etc., and the windows are carved in lattices of the same white marble with the rest of the building, and the screen. The pavement is in alternate squares of white, and what is called in Europe, sienna marble, the walls, screens, and tombs are covered with flowers and inscriptions, executed in beautiful mosaic of cornelians, lapis-lazuli, and jasper; and yet, though everything is finished like an ornament for a drawing-room chimney-piece, the general effect produced is rather solemn and impressive than gaudy. The parts which I like least are the great dome and the minarets. The bulbous swell of the former I think clumsy, and the minarets have nothing to recommend them but their height and the beauty of their materials. But the man must have more criticism than taste or feeling about him, who could allow such imperfections to weigh against the beauties of the Taje-mahal. The Jumna washes one side of the garden, and there are some remains of a bridge which was designed by Shahjehan, with the intention, as the story goes, to build a second Taje of equal beauty for his own separate place of interment, on the opposite side of the river.

XI. ON THE PLEASURE OF PAINTING

BY WILLIAM HAZLITT

From *Table Talk*

HAZLITT occupies a deservedly high place among English essayists, and the tribute Stevenson paid him—"Though we are mighty fine fellows nowadays, we cannot write like Hazlitt"—is often quoted. His interests were varied and his enthusiasms strong. What is more important, he had the rare gift of being able to communicate to the reader his zest for life and literature. One of his early ambitions was to be a portrait painter; his elder brother John was established as a miniature painter in London. Though William Hazlitt abandoned the idea, he was always interested in painting, and there are numerous allusions to the art in his writings.

'THERE is a pleasure in painting which none but painters know.' In writing, you have to contend with the world; in painting, you have only to carry on a friendly strife with Nature. You sit down to your task, and are happy. From the moment that you take up the pencil, and look Nature in the face, you are at peace with your own heart. No angry passions rise to disturb the silent progress of the work, to shake the hand, or dim the brow; no irritable humours are set afloat; you have no absurd opinions to combat, no point to strain, no adversary to crush, no fool to

annoy—you are actuated by fear or favour to no man. There is ‘no juggling here,’ no sophistry, no intrigue, no tampering with the evidence, no attempt to make black white, or white black: but you resign yourself into the hands of a greater power, that of Nature, with the simplicity of a child, and the devotion of an enthusiast—‘study with joy her manner, and with rapture taste her style.’ The mind is calm, and full at the same time. The hand and eye are equally enjoyed. In tracing the commonest object, a plant or the stump of a tree, you learn something every moment. You perceive unexpected differences, and discover likenesses where you looked for no such thing. You try to set down what you see—find out your error, and correct it. You need not play tricks, or purposely mistake: with all your pains, you are still far short of the mark. Patience grows out of the endless pursuit, and turns it into a luxury. A streak in a flower, a wrinkle in a leaf, a tinge in a cloud, a stain in an old wall or ruin grey, are seized with avidity as the *spolia opima* of this sort of mental warfare, and furnish out labour for another half-day. The hours pass away untold, without chagrin, and without weariness; nor would you ever wish to pass them otherwise. Innocence is joined with industry, pleasure with business; and the mind is satisfied, though it is not engaged in thinking or doing any mischief.

I have not much pleasure in writing these *Essays*, or in reading them afterwards; though I own I now

and then meet with a phrase that I like, or a thought that strikes me as a true one. But after I begin them, I am only anxious to get to the end of them, which I am not sure I shall do, for I seldom see my way a page or even a sentence beforehand; and when I have as by a miracle escaped, I trouble myself little more about them. I sometimes have to write them twice over: then it is necessary to read the *proof*, to prevent mistakes by the printer; so that by the time they appear in a tangible shape, and one can con them over with a conscious, sidelong glance to the public approbation, they have lost their gloss and relish, and become 'more tedious than a twice-told tale'. For a person to read his own works over with any great delight, he ought first to forget that he ever wrote them.

Familiarity naturally breeds contempt. It is, in fact, like poring fondly over a piece of blank paper; from repetition, the words convey no distinct meaning to the mind—are mere idle sounds, except that our vanity claims an interest and property in them. I have more satisfaction in my own thoughts than in dictating them to others: words are necessary to explain the impression of certain things upon me to the reader, but they rather weaken and draw a veil over than strengthen it to myself. However I might say with the poet, 'My mind to me a kingdom is,' yet I have little ambition 'to set a throne or chair of state in the understandings of other men.' The ideas we

cherish most exist best in a kind of shadowy abstraction,

Pure in the last recesses of the mind,

and derive neither force nor interest from being exposed to public view. They are old familiar acquaintance, and any change in them, arising from the adventitious ornaments of style or dress, is little to their advantage. After I have once written on a subject, it goes out of my mind: my feelings about it have been melted down into words, and *then* I forget. I have, as it were, discharged my memory of its old habitual reckoning, and rubbed out the score of real sentiment. For the future it exists only for the sake of others.—But I cannot say, from my own experience, that the same process takes place in transferring our ideas to canvas: they gain more than they lose in the mechanical transformation. One is never tired of painting, because you have to set down not what you knew already, but what you have just discovered. In the former case you translate feelings into words: in the latter, names into things. There is a continual creation out of nothing going on. With every stroke of the brush a new field of inquiry is laid open; new difficulties arise, and new triumphs are prepared over them. By comparing the imitation with the original, you see what you have done, and how much you have still to do. The test of the senses is severer than that of fancy, and an overmatch even for the delusions of our self-love. One part of a picture shames another, and you determine

to paint up to yourself, if you cannot come up to Nature. Every object becomes lustrous from the light thrown back upon it by the mirror of art: and by the aid of the pencil we may be said to touch and handle the objects of sight. The airdrawn visions that hover on the verge of existence have a bodily presence given them on the canvas: the form of beauty is changed into a substance: the dream and the glory of the universe is made 'palpable to feeling as to sight.'—And see! a rainbow starts from the canvas, with all its humid train of glory, as if it were drawn from its cloudy arch in heaven. The spangled landscape glitters with drops of dew after the shower. The 'fleecy fools' show their coats in the gleams of the setting sun. The shepherds pipe their farewell notes in the fresh evening air. And is this bright vision made from a dead, dull blank, like a bubble reflecting the mighty fabric of the universe? Who would think this miracle of Rubens' pencil possible to be performed? Who, having seen it, would not spend his life to do the like? See how the rich fallow, the bare stubble-field, the scanty harvest-home, drag in Rembrandt's landscapes! How often have I looked at them and nature, and tried to do the same, till the very 'light thickened,' and there was an earthiness in the feeling of the air! There is no end of the refinements of art and nature in this respect. One may look at the misty glimmering horizon till the eye dazzles and the imagination is lost, in hopes to transfer the whole interminable expanse at one blow upon the canvas. Wilson said, he used to try to paint the effect of the motes dancing

in the setting sun. At another time, a friend, coming into his painting-room when he was sitting on the ground in a melancholy posture, observed that his picture looked like a landscape after a shower: he started up with the greatest delight, and said, 'That is the effect I intended to produce, but thought I had failed.' Wilson was neglected; and, by degrees, neglected his art to apply himself to brandy. His hand became unsteady, so that it was only by repeated attempts that he could reach the place or produce the effect he aimed at; and when he had done a little to a picture, he would say to any acquaintance who chanced to drop in, 'I have painted enough for one day: come, let us go somewhere.' It was not so Claude left his pictures, or his studies on the banks of the Tiber, to go in search of other enjoyments, or ceased to gaze upon the glittering sunny vales and distant hills; and while his eye drank in the clear sparkling hues and lovely forms of nature, his hand stamped them on the lucid canvas to last there for ever! One of the most delightful parts of my life was one fine summer, when I used to walk out of an evening to catch the last light of the sun, gemming the green slopes or russet lawns, and gilding tower or tree, while the blue sky, gradually turning to purple and gold, or skirted with dusky grey, hung its broad marble pavement over all, as we see it in the great master of Italian landscape. But to come to a more particular explanation of the subject:—

The first head I ever tried to paint was an old

woman with the upper part of the face shaded by her bonnet, and I certainly laboured it with great perseverance. It took me numberless sittings to do it. I have it by me still, and sometimes look at it with surprise, to think how much pains were thrown away to little purpose,—yet not altogether in vain if it taught me to see good in everything, and to know that there is nothing vulgar in Nature seen with the eye of science or of true art. Refinement creates beauty everywhere: it is the grossness of the spectator that discovers nothing but grossness in the object. Be this as it may, I spared no pains to do my best. If art was long, I thought that life was so too at that moment. I got in the general effect the first day; and pleased and surprised enough I was at my success. The rest was a work of time—of weeks and months (if need were), of patient toil and careful finishing. I had seen an old head by Rembrandt at Burleigh House, and if I could produce a head at all like Rembrandt in a year, in my lifetime, it would be glory and felicity and wealth and fame enough for me! The head I had seen at Burleigh was an exact and wonderful facsimile of nature, and I resolved to make mine (as nearly as I could) an exact facsimile of nature. I did not then nor do I now believe, with Sir Joshua, that the perfection of art consists in giving general appearances without individual details, but in giving general appearances with individual details. Otherwise, I had done my work the first day. But I saw something more in nature than general effect, and I thought it worth my while to give it in

the picture. There was a gorgeous effect of light and shade: but there was a delicacy as well as depth in the *chiaro scuro* which I was bound to follow into all its dim and scarce perceptible variety of tone and shadow. Then I had to make the transition from a strong light to as dark a shade, preserving the masses, but gradually softening off the intermediate parts. It was so in nature; the difficulty was to make it so in the copy. I tried, and failed again and again; I strove harder, and succeeded, as I thought. The wrinkles in Rembrandt were not hard lines, but broken and irregular. I saw the same appearance in nature, and strained every nerve to give it. If I could hit off this edgy appearance, and insert the reflected light in the furrows of old age in half a morning, I did not think I had lost a day. Beneath the shrivelled yellow parchment look of the skin, there was here and there a streak of the blood-colour tinging his face; this I made a point of conveying, and did not cease to compare what I saw with what I did (with jealous, lynx-eyed watchfulness) till I succeeded to the best of my ability and judgment. How many revisions were there! How many attempts to catch an expression which I had seen the day before! How often did we try to get the old position, and wait for the return of the same light! There was a puckering up of the lips, a cautious introversion of the eye under the shadow of the bonnet, indicative of the feebleness and suspicion of old age, which at last we managed, after many trials and some quarrels, to a tolerable nicety. The picture was never finished, and I might have gone

on with it to the present hour. I used to set it on the ground when my day's work was done, and saw revealed to me with swimming eyes the birth of new hopes and of a new world of objects. The painter thus learns to look at Nature with different eyes. He before saw her 'as in a glass darkly, but now face to face.' He understands the texture and meaning of the visible universe, and 'sees into the life of things,' not by the help of mechanical instruments, but of the improved exercise of his faculties, and an intimate sympathy with Nature. The meanest thing is not lost upon him, for he looks at it with an eye to itself, not merely to his own vanity or interest, or the opinion of the world. Even where there is neither beauty nor use—if that ever were—still there is truth, and a sufficient source of gratification in the indulgence of curiosity and activity of mind. The humblest painter is a true scholar; and the best of scholars—the scholar of Nature. For myself, and for the real comfort and satisfaction of the thing, I had rather have been Jan Steen, or Gerard Dow, than the greatest casuist philosopher that ever lived. The painter does not view things in clouds or 'mist, the common gloss of theologians,' but applies the same standard of truth and disinterested spirit of inquiry, that influence his daily practice, to other subjects. He perceives form, he distinguishes character. He reads men and books with an intuitive eye. He is a critic as well as a connoisseur. The conclusions he draws are clear and convincing, because they are taken from the things themselves. He is not a fanatic; a dupe, or a slave;

for the habit of seeing for himself also disposes him to judge for himself. The most sensible men I know (taken as a class) are painters; that is, they are the most lively observers of what passes in the world about them, and the closest observers of what passes in their own minds. From their profession they in general mix more with the world than authors; and if they have not the same fund of acquired knowledge, are obliged to rely more on individual sagacity. I might mention the names of Opie, Fuseli, Northcote, as persons distinguished for striking description and acquaintance with the subtle traits of character. Painters in ordinary society, or in obscure situations where their value is not known, and they are treated with neglect and indifference, have sometimes a forward self-sufficiency of manner; but this is not so much their fault as that of others. Perhaps their want of regular education may also be in fault in such cases. Richardson, who is very tenacious of the respect in which the profession ought to be held, tells a story of Michael Angelo, that after a quarrel between him and Pope Julius II., 'upon account of a slight the artist conceived the pontiff had put upon him, Michael Angelo was introduced by a bishop, who, thinking to serve the artist by it, made it an argument that the Pope should be reconciled to him, because men of his profession were commonly ignorant, and of no consequence otherwise; his holiness, enraged at the bishop, struck him with his staff, and told him, it was he that was the blockhead, and affronted the man himself would not offend: the prelate was driven out of the

chamber, and Michael Angelo had the Pope's benediction, accompanied with presents. This bishop had fallen into the vulgar error, and was rebuked accordingly.'

Besides the exercise of the mind, painting exercises the body. It is a mechanical as well as a liberal art. To do anything, to dig a hole in the ground, to plant a cabbage, to hit a mark, to move a shuttle, to work a pattern,—in a word, to attempt to produce any effect, and to *succeed*, has something in it that gratifies the love of power, and carries off the restless activity of the mind of man. Indolence is a delightful but distressing state; we must be doing something to be happy. Action is no less necessary than thought to the instinctive tendencies of the human frame; and painting combines them both incessantly. The hand furnishes a practical test of the correctness of the eye; and the eye, thus admonished, imposes fresh tasks of skill and industry upon the hand. Every stroke tells as the verifying of a new truth; and every new observation the instant it is made, passes into an act and emanation of the will. Every step is nearer what we wish, and yet there is always more to do. In spite of the facility, the fluttering grace, the evanescent hues, that play round the pencil of Rubens and Vandyke, however I may admire, I do not envy them. this power so much as I do the slow, patient, laborious execution of Correggio, Leonardo da Vinci, and Andrea del Sarto, where every touch appears conscious of its

charge, emulous of truth, and where the painful artist has so distinctly wrought,

That you might almost say his picture thought!

In the one case the colours seem breathed on the canvas as if by magic, the work and the wonder of a moment, in the other they seem inlaid in the body of the work, and as if it took the artist years of unremitting labour, and of delightful never-ending progress to perfection. Who would wish ever to come to the close of such works,—not to dwell on them, to return to them, to be wedded to them to the last? Rubens, with his florid, rapid style, complained that when he had just learned his art, he should be forced to die. Leonardo, in the slow advances of his, had lived long enough!

Painting is not, like writing, what is properly understood by a sedentary employment. It requires not indeed a strong, but a continued and steady exertion of muscular power. The precision and delicacy of the manual operation, makes up for the want of vehemence,—as to balance himself for any time in the same position the rope-dancer must strain every nerve. Painting for a whole morning gives one as excellent an appetite for one's dinner as old Abraham Tucker acquired for his riding over Banstead Downs. It is related of Sir Joshua Reynolds, that 'he took no other exercise than what he used in his painting room,'—the writer means, in walking backwards and forwards to look at his picture; but the act

of painting itself, of laying on the colours in the proper place and proper quantity, was a much harder exercise than this alternate receding from and returning to the picture. This last would be rather a relaxation and relief than an effort. It is not to be wondered at, that an artist like Sir Joshua, who delighted so much in the sensual and practical part of his art, should have found himself at a considerable loss when the decay of his sight precluded him, for the last year or two of his life, from the following up of his profession,—‘the source,’ according to his own remark, ‘of thirty years’ uninterrupted enjoyment and prosperity to him.’ It is only those who never think at all, or else who have accustomed themselves to brood incessantly on abstract ideas, that never feel *ennui*.

To give one instance more, and then I will have done with this rambling discourse. One of my first attempts was a picture of my father, who was then in a green old age, with strong-marked features, and scarred with the smallpox. I drew it out with a broad light crossing the face, looking down, with spectacles on, reading. The book was Shaftesbury’s *Characteristics*, in a fine old binding, with Gribelin’s etchings. My father would as lieve it had been any other book; but for him to read was to be content, was ‘riches fineless.’ The sketch promised well; and I set to work to finish it, determined to spare no time nor pains. My father was willing to sit as long as I pleased; for there is a natural desire in the mind of

man to sit for one's picture, to be the object of continued attention, to have one's likeness multiplied; and besides his satisfaction in the picture, he had some pride in the artist, though he would rather I should have written a sermon than painted like Raphael. Those winter days, with the gleams of sunshine coming through the chapel-windows, and cheered by the notes of the robin-redbreast in our garden (that 'ever in the haunch of winter sings'),—as my afternoon's work drew to a close,—were among the happiest of my life. When I gave the effect I intended to any part of the picture for which I had prepared my colours; when I imitated the roughness of the skin by a lucky stroke of the pencil; when I hit the clear, pearly tone of a vein; when I gave the ruddy complexion of health, the blood circulating under the broad shadows of one side of the face, I thought my fortune made; or rather it was already more than made, in my fancying that I might one day be able to say with Correggio, '*I also am a painter!*' It was an idle thought, a boy's conceit; but it did not make me less happy at the time. I used regularly to set my work in the chair to look at through the long evenings; and many a time did I return to take leave of it before I could go to bed at night. I remember sending it with a throbbing heart to the Exhibition, and seeing it hung up there by the side of one of the Honourable Mr. Skeffington (now Sir George). There was nothing in common between them, but that they were the portraits of two very good-natured men. I think, but am not sure, that I

finished this portrait (or another afterwards) on the same day that the news of the battle of Austerlitz came; I walked out in the afternoon, and, as I returned saw the evening star set over a poor man's cottage with other thoughts and feeling than I shall ever have again. Oh for the revolution of the great Platonic year, that those times might come over again! I could sleep out the three hundred and sixty-five thousand intervening years very contentedly—The picture is left; the table, the chair, the window where I learned to construe Livy, the chapel where my father preached, remain where they were; but he himself is gone to rest, full of years, of faith, of hope, and charity.

XII. THE BEAUTY OF NATURE

BY R. W. EMERSON

From *Nature*

AMERICAN authors do not often find a place in English anthologies, but it is good to remember that in Emerson the Americans have produced a writer who, in his chosen field, can challenge comparison with any of his English contemporaries. He had an epigrammatic, crystalline style, well suited to the clarity of his thought. He had a poetic imagination, and though little of his verse may survive, he was truly a poet at heart. This essay on the beauty of Nature will enable you to look at her with keener eyes, and reveal to you fresh delights in the great out-of-doors.

To go into solitude, a man needs to retire as much from his chamber as from society. I am not solitary whilst I read and write, though nobody is with me. But if a man would be alone, let him look at the stars. The rays that come from those heavenly worlds will separate between him and what he touches. One might think the atmosphere was made transparent with this design, to give man, in the heavenly bodies, the perpetual presence of the sublime. Seen in the streets of cities, how great they are! If the stars should appear one night in a thousand years, how would men believe and adore; and preserve for many

generations the remembrance of the city of God which had been shown! But every night come out these envoys of beauty, and light the universe with their admonishing smile.

The stars awaken a certain reverence, because though always present, they are inaccessible; but all natural objects make a kindred impression, when the mind is open to their influence. Nature never wears a mean appearance. Neither does the wisest man extort her secret, and lose his curiosity by finding out all her perfection. Nature never became a toy to a wise spirit. The flowers, the animals, the mountains, reflected the wisdom of his best hour, as much as they had delighted the simplicity of his childhood.

When we speak of nature in this manner, we have a distinct but most poetical sense in the mind. We mean the integrity of impression made by manifold natural objects. It is this which distinguishes the stick of timber of the wood-cutter, from the tree of the poet. The charming landscape which I saw this morning is indubitably made up of some twenty or thirty farms. Miller owns this field, Locke that, and Manning the woodland beyond. But none of them owns the landscape. There is property in the horizon which no man has but he whose eye can integrate all the parts, that is, the poet. This is the best part of these men's farms, yet to this their warranty-deeds give no title.

To speak truly, few adult persons can see nature.

Most persons do not see the sun. At least they have a very superficial seeing. The sun illuminates only the eye of the man, but shines into the eye and the heart of the child. The lover of nature is he whose inward and outward senses are still truly adjusted to each other; who has retained the spirit of infancy even into the era of manhood. His intercourse with heaven and earth becomes part of his daily food. In the presence of nature, a wild delight runs through the man, in spite of real sorrows. Nature says,—he is my creature, and maugre all his impertinent griefs, he shall be glad with me. Not the sun or the summer alone, but every hour and season yields its tribute of delight; for every hour and change corresponds to and authorizes a different state of the mind, from breathless noon to grimmest midnight. Nature is a setting that fits equally well a comic or a mourning piece. In good health, the air is a cordial of incredible virtue. Crossing a bare common, in snow puddles, at twilight, under a clouded sky, without having in my thoughts any occurrence of special good fortune, I have enjoyed a perfect exhilaration. I am glad to the brink of fear. In the woods too, a man casts off his years, as the snake his slough, and at what period soever of life is always a child. In these woods, is perpetual youth. Within these plantations of God, a decorum and sanctity reign, a perennial festival is dressed, and the guest sees not how he should tire of them in a thousand years. In the woods, we return to reason and faith. There I feel that nothing can befall me in life,—no disgrace, no calamity (leaving

me my eyes), which nature cannot repair. Standing on the bare ground,—my head bathed by the blithe air, and uplifted into infinite space,—all mean egotism vanishes. I become a transparent eyeball; I am nothing; I see all; the currents of the Universal Being circulate through me; I am part or particle of God. The name of the nearest friend sounds then foreign and accidental: to be brothers, to be acquaintances,—master or servant, is then a trifle and a disturbance. I am the lover of uncontained and immortal beauty. In the wilderness, I find something more dear and connate than in streets or villages. In the tranquil landscape, and especially in the distant line of the horizon, man beholds somewhat as beautiful as his own nature.

The greatest delight which the fields and woods minister, is the suggestion of an occult relation between man and the vegetable. I am not alone and unacknowledged. They nod to me, and I to them. The waving of the boughs in the storm, is new to me and old. It takes me by surprise, and yet is not unknown. Its effect is like that of a higher thought or a better emotion coming over me, when I deemed I was thinking justly or doing right.

Yet it is certain that the power to produce this delight does not reside in nature, but in man, or in a harmony of both. It is necessary to use these pleasures with great temperance. For, nature is not always tricked in holiday attire, but the same which yesterday breathed perfume and glittered as for the

frolic of the nymphs, is over-spread with melancholy today. Nature always wears the colours of the spirit. To a man labouring under calamity, the heat of his own fire hath sadness in it. Then, there is a kind of contempt of the landscape felt by him who has just lost by death a dear friend. The sky is less grand as it shuts down over less worth in the population.

The ancient Greeks called the world kosmos, beauty. Such is the constitution of all things, or such the plastic power of the human eye, that the primary forms, as the sky, the mountain, the tree, the animal, give us a delight *in and for themselves*; a pleasure arising from outline, colour, motion, and grouping. This seems partly owing to the eye itself. The eye is the best of artists. By the mutual action of its structure and of the laws of light, perspective is produced, which integrates every mass of objects, of what character soever, into a well-coloured and shaded globe, so that where the particular objects are mean and unaffecting, the landscape which they compose is round and symmetrical. And as the eye is the best composer, so light is the first of painters. There is no object so foul that intense light will not make beautiful. And the stimulus it affords to the sense, and a sort of infinitude which it hath, like space and time, make all matter gay. Even the corpse has its own beauty. But besides this general grace diffused over nature, almost all the individual forms are agreeable to the eye, as is proved by our endless imitations of some of them, as the acorn, the grape,

the pine-cone, the wheat-ear, the egg, the wings and forms of most birds, the lion's claw, the serpent, the butterfly, sea-shells, flames, clouds, buds, leaves, and the forms of many trees, as the palm.

For better consideration, we may distribute the aspects of Beauty in a threefold manner.

First, the simple perception of natural forms is a delight. The influence of the forms and actions in nature is so needful to man, that, in its lowest functions, it seems to lie on the confines of commodity and beauty. To the body and mind which have been cramped by noxious work or company, nature is medicinal and restores their tone. The tradesman, the attorney comes out of the din and craft of the street, and sees the sky and the woods, and is a man again. In their eternal calm, he finds himself. The health of the eye seems to demand a horizon. We are never tired, so long as we can see far enough.

But in other hours, Nature satisfies by its loveliness, and without any mixture of corporeal benefit. I see the spectacle of morning from the hill-top over against my house, from day-break to sunrise, with emotions which an angel might share. The long slender bars of cloud float like fishes in the sea of crimson light. From the earth, as a shore, I look out into that silent sea. I seem to partake its rapid transformations: the active enchantment reaches my dust, and I dilate and conspire with the morning wind. How does Nature deify us with a few and cheap elements! Give me

health and a day, and I will make the pomp of emperors ridiculous. The dawn is my Assyria; the sunset and moonrise my Paphos, and unimaginable realms of faerie; broad noon shall be my England of the senses and the understanding; the night shall be my Germany of mystic philosophy and dreams.

Not less excellent, except for our less susceptibility in the afternoon, was the charm, last evening, of a January sunset. The western clouds divided and subdivided themselves into pink flakes modulated with tints of unspeakable softness; and the air had so much life and sweetness, that it was a pain to come within doors. What was it that nature would say? Was there no meaning in the live repose of the valley behind the mill, and which Homer or Shakespeare could not re-form for me in words? The leafless trees become spires of flame in the sunset, with the blue east for their background, and the stars of the dead calices of flowers, and every withered stem and stubble rimed with frost, contribute something to the mute music.

The inhabitants of cities suppose that the country landscape is pleasant only half the year. I please myself with the graces of the winter scenery, and believe that we are as much touched by it as by the genial influences of summer. To the attentive eye, each moment of the year has its own beauty, and in the same field, it beholds, every hour, a picture which was never seen before, and which shall never be seen again. The heavens change every moment, and reflect

their glory or gloom on the plains beneath. The state of the crop in the surrounding farms alters the expression of the earth from week to week. The succession of native plants in the pastures and roadsides, which makes the silent clock by which time tells the summer hours, will make even the divisions of the day sensible to a keen observer. The tribes of birds and insects, like the plants punctual to their time, follow each other, and the year has room for all. By water-courses, the variety is greater. In July, the blue pontederia or pickerelweed blooms in large beds in the shallow parts of our pleasant river, and swarms with yellow butterflies in continual motion. Art cannot rival this pomp of purple and gold. Indeed the river is a perpetual gala, and boasts each month a new ornament.

But this beauty of Nature which is seen and felt as beauty, is the least part. The shows of day, the dewy morning, the rainbow, mountains, orchards in blossom, stars, moonlight, shadows in still water, and the like, if too eagerly hunted, become shows merely, and mock us with their unreality. Go out of the house to see the moon, and 'tis mere tinsel; it will not please as when its light shines upon your necessary journey. The beauty that shimmers in the yellow afternoons of October, who ever could clutch it? Go forth to find it, and it is gone: 'tis only a mirage as you look from the windows of diligence.

The presence of a higher, namely, of the spiritual element is essential to its perfection. The high and

divine beauty which can be loved without effeminacy, is that which is found in combination with the human will. Beauty is the mark God sets upon virtue. Every natural action is graceful. Every heroic act is also decent, and causes the place and the bystanders to shine. We are taught by great actions that the universe is the property of every individual in it. Every rational creature has all nature for his dowry and estate. It is his, if he will. He may divest himself of it; he may creep into a corner, and abdicate his kingdom, as most men do, but he is entitled to the world by his constitution. In proportion to the energy of his thought and will, he takes up the world into himself. ‘All those things for which men plough, build, or sail, obey virtue,’ said Sallust. ‘The winds and waves,’ said Gibbon, ‘are always on the side of the ablest navigators.’ So are the sun and moon and all the stars of heaven. When a noble act is done,—perchance in a scene of great natural beauty; when Leonidas and his three hundred martyrs consume one day in dying, and the sun and moon come each and look at them once in the steep defile of Thermopylae; when Arnold Winkelried, in the high Alps, under the shadow of the avalanche, gathers in his side a sheaf of Austrian spears to break the line for his comrades; are not these heroes entitled to add the beauty of the scene to the beauty of the deed? When the bark of Columbus nears the shore of America;—before it, the beach lined with savages, fleeing out of all their huts of cane; the sea behind; and the purple mountains of the

Indian Archipelago around, can we separate the man from the living picture? Does not the New World clothe his form with her palm-groves and savannahs as fit drapery? Ever does natural beauty steal in like air, and envelop great actions. When Sir Harry Vane was dragged up the Tower-hill, sitting on a sled to suffer death, as the champion of the English laws, one of the multitude cried out to him, 'You never sat on so glorious a seat.' Charles II, to intimidate the citizens of London, caused the patriot Lord Russell to be drawn in an open coach, through the principal streets of the city, on his way to the scaffold. 'But,' his biographer says, 'the multitude imagined they saw liberty and virtue sitting by his side.' In private places, among sordid objects, an act of truth or heroism seems at once to draw to itself the sky as its temple, the sun as its candle. Nature stretcheth out her arms to embrace man, only let his thoughts be of equal greatness. Willingly does she follow his steps with the rose and the violet, and bend her lines of grandeur and grace to the decoration of her darling child. Only let his thoughts be of equal scope, and the frame will suit the picture. A virtuous man is in unison with her works, and makes the central figure of the visible sphere. Homer, Pindar, Socrates, Phocion, associate themselves fitly in our memory with the geography and climate of Greece. The visible heavens and earth sympathize with Jesus. And in common life, whosoever has seen a person of powerful character and happy genius will have remarked how easily he took all things along with him,—the persons,

the opinions, and the day, and nature became ancillary to a man.

There is still another aspect under which the beauty of the world may be viewed, namely, as it becomes an object of the intellect. Beside the relation of things to virtue, they have a relation to thought. The intellect searches out the absolute order of things as they stand in the mind of God, and without the colours of affection. The intellectual and the active powers seem to succeed each other, and the exclusive activity of the one generates the exclusive activity of the other. There is something unfriendly in each to the other, but they are like the alternate periods of feeding and working in animals; each prepares and will be followed by the other. Therefore does beauty, which, in relation to actions, as we have seen, comes unsought, and comes because it is unsought, remain for the apprehension and pursuit of the intellect; and then again, in its turn, of the active power. Nothing divine dies. All good is eternally reproductive. The beauty of nature reforms itself in the mind, and not for barren contemplation, but for new creation.

All men are in some degree impressed by the face of the world; some men even to delight. This love of beauty is Taste. Others have the same love in such excess, that, not content with admiring, they seek to embody it in new forms. The creation of beauty is Art.

The production of a work of art throws a light upon the mystery of humanity. A work of art is an abstract or epitome of the world. It is the result or expression

of nature, in miniature. For, although the works of nature are innumerable and all different, the result or the expression of them all is similar and single. Nature is a sea of forms radically alike and even unique. A leaf, a sunbeam, a landscape, the ocean, make an analogous impression on the mind. What is common to them all,—that perfectness and harmony, is beauty. The standard of beauty is the entire circuit of natural forms,—the totality of nature; which the Italians expressed by defining beauty ‘*il piu nell’ uno.*’ Nothing is quite beautiful alone; nothing but is beautiful in the whole. A single object is only so far beautiful as it suggests this universal grace. The poet, the painter, the sculptor, the musician, the architect, seek each to concentrate this radiance of the world on one point, and each in his several work to satisfy the love of beauty which stimulates him to produce. Thus is Art, a nature passed through the alembic of man. Thus in art, does nature work through the will of a man filled with the beauty of her first works.

The world thus exists to the soul to satisfy the desire of beauty. This element I call an ultimate end. No reason can be asked or given why the soul seeks beauty. Beauty, in its largest and profoundest sense, is one expression for the universe. God is the all-fair. Truth and goodness and beauty are but different faces of the same All. But beauty in nature is not ultimate. It is the herald of inward and internal beauty, and is not alone a solid and satisfactory good. It must stand as a part, and not as yet the last or highest expression of the final cause of Nature.

HISTORY AND POLITICS

XIII. THE ROMAN ARMY

BY EDWARD GIBBON

From *The Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire*

IF YOU are interested in history, as you ought to be, you should not miss Gibbon. For England has a school of historians who form as eminent a group as those of France or Germany. In the English school Gibbon stands prominent, and to most Englishmen the *Decline and Fall* is the greatest historical work in their language. Characteristically enough the book is concerned with the people that have, next to the Greeks, exerted the most profound influence on the Western world. In this chapter from Gibbon we have a description of the mighty weapon forged by the genius of Rome. You should compare the organisation of the Roman army with that of other great modern armies, the German army, for instance, of the last war, or the Soviet army.

IN the purer ages of the commonwealth, the use of arms was reserved for those ranks of citizens who had a country to love, a property to defend, and some share in enacting those laws, which it was their interest as well as duty to maintain. But in proportion as the public freedom was lost in extent of conquest, war was gradually improved into an art, and degraded into a trade. The legions themselves, even at the time when they were recruited in the most

distant provinces, were supposed to consist of Roman citizens. That distinction was generally considered, either as a legal qualification, or as a proper recompense, for the soldier; but a more serious regard was paid to the essential merit of age, strength, and military stature. In all levies, a just preference was given to the climates of the north over those of the south: the race of men born to the exercise of arms was sought for in the country rather than in cities; and it was very reasonably presumed, that the hardy occupations of smiths, carpenters, and huntsmen would supply more vigour and resolution, than the sedentary trades which are employed in the service of luxury. After every qualification of property had been laid aside, the armies of the Roman emperors were still commanded, for the most part, by officers of a liberal birth and education; but the common soldiers, like the mercenary troops of modern Europe, were drawn from the meanest, and very frequently from the most profligate of mankind.

That public virtue which, among the ancients, was denominated patriotism, is derived from a strong sense of our own interest in the preservation and prosperity of the free government of which we are members. Such a sentiment, which had rendered the legions of the republic almost invincible, could make but a very feeble impression on the mercenary servants of a despotic prince; and it became necessary to supply that defect by other motives, of a different, but not less forcible nature—honour and religion.

The peasant, or mechanic, imbibed the useful prejudice that he was advanced to the more dignified profession of arms, in which his rank and reputation would depend on his own valour; and that, although the prowess of a private soldier must often escape the notice of fame, his own behaviour might sometimes confer glory or disgrace on the company, the legion, or even the army, to whose honours he was associated. On his first entrance into the service, an oath was administered to him, with every circumstance of solemnity. He promised never to desert his standard, to submit his own will to the command of his leaders, and to sacrifice his life for the safety of the emperor and the empire. The attachment of Roman troops to their standard was inspired by the united influence of religion and of honour. The golden eagle, which glittered in the front of the legion, was the object of their fondest devotion; nor was it esteemed less impious than it was ignominious, to abandon that sacred ensign in the hour of danger. These motives, which derived their strength from the imagination, were enforced by fears and hopes of a more substantial kind. Regular pay, occasional donatives, and a stated recompense after the appointed time of service, alleviated the hardships of the military life; whilst, on the other hand, it was impossible for cowardice or disobedience to escape the severest punishment. The centurions were authorized to chastise with blows, the generals had a right to punish with death; and it was an inflexible maxim of Roman discipline, that a good soldier should dread his officers

far more than the enemy. From such laudable arts, did the valour of the imperial troops receive a degree of firmness and docility, unattainable by the impetuous and irregular passions of barbarians.

And yet so sensible were the Romans of the imperfection of valour without skill and practice, that in their language, the name of an army was borrowed from the word which signified exercise. Military exercises were the important and unremitted object of their discipline. The recruits and young soldiers were constantly trained both in the morning and in the evening, nor was age or knowledge allowed to excuse the veterans from the daily repetition of what they had completely learnt. Large sheds were erected in the winter quarters of the troops, that their useful labours might not receive any interruption from the most tempestuous weather; and it was carefully observed, that the arms destined to this imitation of war, should be of double the weight which was required in real action. It is not the purpose of this work to enter into any minute description of the Roman exercises. We shall only remark, that they comprehended whatever could add strength to the body, activity to the limbs, or grace to the motions. The soldiers were diligently instructed to march, to run, to leap, to swim, to carry heavy burdens, to handle every species of arms that was used either for offence or for defence, either in distant engagement, or in a closer onset; to form a variety of evolutions, and to move to the sound of flutes, in the Pyrrhic or

martial dance. In the midst of peace, the Roman troops familiarized themselves with the practice of war; and it is prettily remarked by an ancient historian who had fought against them, that the effusion of blood was the only circumstance which distinguished a field of battle from a field of exercise. It was the policy of the ablest generals, and even of the emperors themselves, to encourage these military studies by their presence and example; and we are informed that Hadrian, as well as Trajan, frequently condescended to instruct the inexperienced soldiers, to reward the diligent, and sometimes to dispute with them the prize of superior strength or dexterity. Under the reigns of those princes, the science of tactics was cultivated with success; and as long as the empire retained any vigour, their military instructions were respected as the most perfect model of Roman discipline.

Nine centuries of war had gradually introduced into the service many alterations and improvements. The legions, as they are described by Polybius, in the time of the Punic wars, differed very materially from those which achieved the victories of Caesar, or defended the monarchy of Hadrian and the Antonines. The constitution of the imperial legion may be described in a few words. The heavy-armed infantry, which composed its principal strength, was divided into ten cohorts, and fifty-five companies, under the orders of a correspondent number of tribunes and centurions. The first cohort, which always claimed the post of

honour and the custody of the eagle, was formed of eleven hundred and five soldiers, the most approved for valour and fidelity. The remaining nine cohorts consisted each of five hundred and fifty-five; and the whole body of legionary infantry amounted to six thousand one hundred men. Their arms were uniform, and admirably adapted to the nature of their service: an open helmet with a lofty crest; a breast-plate, or coat of mail; greaves on their legs, and an ample buckler on their left arm. The buckler was of an oblong and concave figure, four feet in length, and two and a half in breadth, framed of a light wood, covered with a bull's hide, and strongly guarded with plates of brass. Besides a lighter spear, the legionary soldier grasped in his right hand the formidable *pilum*, a ponderous javelin, whose utmost length was about six feet, and which was terminated by a massy triangular point of steel of eighteen inches. This instrument was indeed much inferior to our modern fire-arms; since it was exhausted by a single discharge, at the distance of only ten or twelve paces. Yet when it was launched by a firm and skilful hand, there was not any cavalry that durst venture within its reach, nor any shield or corslet that could sustain the impetuosity of its weight. As soon as the Roman had darted his *pilum*, he drew his sword, and rushed forwards to close with the enemy. His sword was a short well-tempered Spanish blade, that carried a double edge, and was alike suited to the purpose of striking or of pushing; but the soldier was always instructed to prefer the latter use of his weapon, as

his own body remained less exposed, whilst he inflicted a more dangerous wound on his adversary. The legion was usually drawn up eight deep; and the regular distance of three feet was left between the files as well as ranks. A body of troops habituated to preserve this open order, in a long front and a rapid charge, found themselves prepared to execute every disposition which the circumstances of war or the skill of their leader might suggest. The soldier possessed a free space for his arms and motions, and sufficient intervals were allowed, through which seasonal reinforcements might be introduced to the relief of exhausted combatants. The tactics of the Greeks and Macedonians were formed on very different principles. The strength of the phalanx depended on sixteen ranks of long pikes, wedged together in the closet array. But it was soon discovered by reflections, as well as by the event, that the strength of the phalanx was unable to contend with the activity of the legion.

The cavalry, without which the force of the legion would have remained imperfect, was divided into ten troops or squadrons; the first, as the companion of the first cohort, consisted of a hundred and thirty-two men; whilst each of the other nine amounted only to sixty-six. The entire establishment formed a regiment, if we may use the modern expression, of seven hundred and twenty-six horse, naturally connected with its respective legion, but occasionally separated to act in the line, and to compose a part of the wings

of the army. The cavalry of the emperors was no longer composed, like that of the ancient republic, of the noblest youths of Rome and Italy, who, by performing their military service on horseback, prepared themselves for the offices of senator and consul; and solicited, by deeds of valour, the future suffrages of their countrymen. Since the alteration of manners and government, the most wealthy of the equestrian order were engaged in the administration of justice, and of the revenue: and whenever they embraced the profession of arms, they were immediately intrusted with a troop of horse, or a cohort of foot. Trajan and Hadrian formed their cavalry from the same provinces, and the same class of their subjects, which recruited the ranks of the legion. The horses were bred, for the most part, in Spain or Cappadocia. The Roman-troopers despised the complete armour with which the cavalry of the east was encumbered. *Their* more useful arms consisted in a helmet, an oblong shield, light boots, and a coat of mail. A javelin, and a long broad-sword, were their principal weapons of offence. The use of lances, and of iron maces, they seem to have borrowed from the barbarians.

The safety and honour of the empire were principally intrusted to the legions; but the policy of Rome condescended to adopt every useful instrument of war. Considerable levies were regularly made among the provincials, who had not yet deserved the honourable distinction of Romans. Many dependent princes and communities, dispersed round the frontiers, were

permitted, for a while, to hold their freedom and security by the tenure of military service. Even select troops of hostile barbarians were frequently compelled or persuaded to consume their dangerous valour in remote climates, and for the benefit of the state. All these were included under the general name of auxiliaries; and howsoever they might vary according to the difference of times and circumstances, their numbers were seldom much inferior to those of the legions themselves. Among the auxiliaries, the bravest and most faithful bands were placed under the command of praefects and centurions, and severely trained in the arts of Roman discipline; but the far greater part retained those arms, to which the nature of their country, or their early habits of life, more peculiarly adapted them. By this institution, each legion, to whom a certain proportion of auxiliaries was allotted, contained within itself every species of lighter troops, and of missile weapons; and was capable of encountering every nation, with the advantages of its respective arms and discipline. Nor was the legion destitute of what, in modern language, would be styled a train of artillery. It consisted in ten military engines of the largest, and fifty-five of a smaller size; but all of which, either in an oblique or horizontal manner, discharged stones and darts with irresistible violence.

The camp of a Roman legion presented the appearance of a fortified city. As soon as the space was marked out, the pioneers carefully levelled the

ground, and removed every impediment that might interrupt its perfect regularity. Its form was an exact quadrangle; and we might calculate, that a square of about seven hundred yards was sufficient for the encampment of twenty thousand Romans; though a similar number of our own troops would expose to the enemy a front of more than treble that extent. In the midst of the camp, the praetorium, or general's quarters, rose above the others; the cavalry, the infantry, and the auxiliaries, occupied their respective stations; the streets were broad, and perfectly straight, and a vacant space of two hundred feet was left on all sides, between the tents and the rampart. The rampart itself was usually twelve feet high, armed with a line of strong and intricate palisades, and defended by a ditch of twelve feet in depth as well as in breadth. This important labour was performed by the hands of the legionaries themselves; to whom the use of the spade and the pickaxe was no less familiar than that of the sword or *pilum*. Active valour may often be the present of nature; but such patient diligence can be the fruit only of habit and discipline.

Whenever the trumpet gave the signal of departure, the camp was almost instantly broke up, and the troops fell into their ranks without delay or confusion. Besides their arms, which the legionaries scarcely considered as an encumbrance, they were laden with their kitchen furniture, the instruments of fortification, and the provision of many days. Under this weight, which would oppress the delicacy of a modern soldier,

they were trained by a regular step to advance, in about six hours, near twenty miles. On the appearance of an enemy, they threw aside their baggage, and by easy and rapid evolutions converted the column of march into an order of battle. The slingers and archers skirmished in the front; the auxiliaries formed the first line, and were seconded or sustained by the strength of the legions; the cavalry covered the flanks, and the military engines were placed in the rear.

Such were the arts of war, by which the Roman emperors defended their extensive conquests, and preserved a military spirit, at a time when every other virtue was oppressed by luxury and despotism. If, in the consideration of their armies, we pass from their discipline to their numbers, we shall not find it easy to define them with any tolerable accuracy. We may compute, however, that the legion, which was itself a body of six thousand eight hundred and thirty-one Romans, might, with its attendant auxiliaries, amount to about twelve thousand five hundred men. The peace establishment of Hadrian and his successors was composed of no less than thirty of these formidable brigades; and most probably formed a standing force of three hundred and seventy-five thousand men. Instead of being confined within the walls of fortified cities, which the Romans considered as the refuge of weakness or pusillanimity, the legions were encamped on the banks of the great rivers, and along the frontiers of the barbarians. As their stations, for the most part, remained fixed and permanent, we may venture

to describe the distribution of the troops. Three legions were sufficient for Britain. The principal strength lay upon the Rhine and Danube, and consisted of sixteen legions, in the following proportions; two in the Lower, and three in the Upper Germany; one in Rhaetia, one in Noricum, four in Pannonia, three in Moesia, and two in Dacia. The defence of the Euphrates was intrusted to eight legions, six of whom were planted in Syria, and the other two in Cappadocia. With regard to Egypt, Africa, and Spain, as they were far removed from any important scene of war, a single legion maintained the domestic tranquillity of each of those great provinces. Even Italy was not left destitute of a military force. Above twenty thousand chosen soldiers, distinguished by the titles of city cohorts and praetorian guards, watched over the safety of the monarch and the capital. As the authors of almost every revolution that distracted the empire, the praetorians will, very soon, and very loudly, demand our attention; but in their arms and institutions we cannot find any circumstance which discriminated them from the legions, unless it were a more splendid appearance, and a less rigid discipline.

The navy maintained by the emperors might seem inadequate to their greatness, but it was fully sufficient for every useful purpose of government. The ambition of the Romans was confined to the land; nor was that warlike people ever actuated by the enterprising spirit which had prompted the navigators of Tyre, of Carthage, and even of Marseilles, to enlarge the bounds

of the world, and to explore the most remote coasts of the ocean. To the Romans the ocean remained an object of terror rather than of curiosity; the whole extent of the Mediterranean, after the destruction of Carthage, and the extirpation of the pirates, was included within their provinces. The policy of the emperors was directed only to preserve the peaceful dominion of that sea, and to protect the commerce of their subjects. With these moderate views, Augustus stationed two permanent fleets in the most convenient parts of Italy, the one at Ravenna on the Adriatic, the other at Misenum in the bay of Naples. Experience seems at length to have convinced the ancients, that as soon as their galleys exceeded two, or at the most three, ranks of oars, they were suited rather for vain pomp than for real service. Augustus himself, in the victory of Actium, had seen the superiority of his own light frigates (they were called Liburnians) over the lofty but unwieldy castles of his rival. Of these Liburnians he composed the two fleets of Ravenna and Misenum, destined to command, one the eastern, the other the western division of the Mediterranean; and to each of the squadrons he attached a body of several thousand marines. Besides these two ports, which may be considered as the principal seats of the Roman navy, a very considerable force was stationed at Frejus, on the coast of Provence, and the Euxine was guarded by forty ships, and three thousand soldiers. To all these we add the fleet which preserved the communication between Gaul and Britain, and a great number of vessels constantly maintained on the Rhine

and Danube, to harass the country, or to intercept the passage of the barbarians. If we review this general state of the imperial forces; of the cavalry as well as infantry; of the legions, the auxiliaries, the guards, and the navy; the most liberal computation will not allow us to fix the entire establishment by sea and by land at more than four hundred and fifty thousand men; a military power, which, however formidable it may seem, was equalled by a monarch of the last century, whose kingdom was confined within a single province of the Roman empire.

XIV. THE BATTLE OF BOBBILI

BY ROBERT ORME

*From A History of the Military Transactions
of the British Nation in Indostan*

A POPULAR ballad in the Andhra country keeps alive this tale of desperate courage and uncalculating valour, which relates to incidents that occurred nearly two hundred years ago. It takes us back to the early days of the East India Company, when Frenchman and Englishman were competing for a share in the governance of our land. In vivid language Orme describes the rivalry between two prominent zamindars, and the tragic consequences of their hostility. We may note, incidentally, that Orme was the great authority on whom Macaulay drew in his Indian historical writings. The extract given here contains many technical terms taken from military science, a study which is bound to become popular with the establishment of Indian independence. Few things are so fascinating as a visit to an old fort or battlefield, and Orme ought to encourage you to use your imagination when you next visit a historical site.

MR. Bussy, the Commander of their forces in the Deccan, had during this year employed them with much more activity, because uncontrolled in his operations. His army, continuing their march from Hyderabad, arrived at Bezaora on the Kristna in the end of November of the preceding year, from whence,

instead of going to Masulipatam, they struck to the north-east, and proceeded by a frequented road, through the province and city of Elore, from whence they arrived on the 19th of December at the city of Rajahmundrum, situated on the Godaveri, about 30 miles from the sea, and a day's march from the English factory at Ingeram. On their approach, Ibrahim Cawn, whom Mr. Bussy had raised to the government of this and the province of Chicacole, dreading the punishment of his ingratitude during the distress of Charmaul, quitted the country, and went away to Aurengabad: but the Rajah Vizeramrauze, confident in the proofs he had given of his attachment, met their army accompanied by several other Indian chiefs, with their forces, which, with his own, amounted to 10,000 men: he was received with every mark of respect, and employed the favour in which he stood, to the gratification of an animosity, which had been the leading passion of his mind. The tradition of these countries says, that many centuries before Mahomedanism, a king of Jaggernaut, in Orixia, marched to the south with a great army, which subdued not only these provinces, but crossing the Kristna, conquered in the Carnatic, as far as Conjeveram; these conquests he distributed in many portions to his relations, officers, and menial servants, from whom several of the present northern Polygars pretend to be lineally descended, and to govern at this very time the very districts which were then given to their ancestor. All who claim this genealogy, esteem themselves the highest blood of native Indians, next to the Bramins, equal to

the Rajpoots, and support this pre-eminence by the haughtiest observances, insomuch that the breath of a different religion, and even of the meaner Indians, requires ablution. Their women never transfer themselves to a second, but burn with the husband of their virginity: and, although this cruel practice is not infrequent in most of the high families and castes throughout India, yet it is generally optional; but with the women of these ancient Polygars, the most indispensable of necessities.

The first in rank of these Polygars, who all call themselves Rajahs, was Rangarao of Bobilee: the fort of this name stands close to the mountains about 140 miles N.E. of Vizagapatam: the districts are about twenty square miles. There had long been a deadly hatred between this Polygar and Vizeramrauze, whose person, how much so ever he feared his power, Rangarao held in the utmost contempt, as of low extraction, and of a new note. Districts belonging to Vizeramrauze adjoin to those of Bobilee, whose people diverted the waters of the rivulets, and made depredations, which Vizeramrauze, for want of better military means, and from the nature of Rangarao's country, could not retaliate. Vizeramrauze used his utmost influence and arguments to persuade Mr. Bussy of the necessity of removing this neighbour: and Mr. Bussy proposed, that he should quit his hereditary ground of Bobilee, in exchange for other lands of greater extent and value, in another part of the province: but Rangarao treated the proposal as an

insult. Soon after, it became necessary to send a detachment of sepoys to some districts at a distance, to which the shortest road lay through some part of the woods of Bobilee: permission was obtained: but either by some contrivance of Vizeramrauze or the predetermination of Rangarao, the detachment was sharply attacked, and obliged to retire with the loss of 30 sepoys killed, and more wounded. Vizeramrauze improved this moment of indignation; and Mr. Bussy, not foreseeing the terrible event to which he was proceeding, determined to reduce the whole country, and to expel the Polygar and all his family.

The province of Chicacole has few extensive plains, and its hills increase in frequency and magnitude, as they approach the vast range of mountains that bound this, and the province of Rajahmundrum, to the N.W. The hills, and the narrower bottoms which separate them, are suffered to over-run with wood, as the best protection to the opener valleys allotted for cultivation. The Polygar, besides his other towns and forts, has always one situated in the most difficult part of his country, which is intended as the last refuge for himself and all of his own blood. The singular construction of the fort is adequate to all the intentions of defence amongst a people unused to cannon, or other means of battery. Its outline is a regular square, which rarely exceeds 200 yards; a large round tower is raised at each of the angles, and a square projection in the middle of each of the sides. The height of the wall is 22 feet, but of the rampart within only 12,

which is likewise its breadth at top, although it is laid much broader at bottom; the whole is of tempered clay, raised in distinct layers, of which each is left exposed to the sun, until thoroughly hardened, before the next is applied. The parapet rises 10 feet above the rampart, and is only three feet thick. It is indented five feet down from the top in interstices six inches wide, which are three or four feet asunder. A foot above the bottom of these interstices and battlements runs a line of round holes, another two feet lower, and a third within two feet of the rampart. These holes are, as usual, formed with pipes of baked clay: they serve for the employment of fire-arms, arrows and lances: and the interstices for the freer use of all these arms, instead of loop-holes, which cannot be inserted or cut in the clay. The towers, and the square projections in the middle, have the same parapet as the rest of the wall; and in two of the projections, on opposite sides of the fort, are gateways, of which the entrance is not in the front, but on one side, from whence it continues through half the mass, and then turns by a right angle into the place: and, on any alarm, the whole passage is choked up with trees, and the outside surrounded to some distance with a thick bed of thick brambles. The rampart and parapet is covered by a shed of strong thatch, supported by posts: the eaves of this shed project over the battlements, but fall so near, that a man can scarcely squeeze his body between: this shed is shelter both to the rampart and guards against the sun and rain. An area of 500 yards, or

more, in every direction round the fort, is preserved clear, of which the circumference joins the high wood, which is kept thick, three, four, or five miles in breadth around this centre. Few of these forts permit more than one path through the wood. The entrance of the path from without is defended by a wall, exactly similar in construction and strength to one of the sides of the fort: having its round towers at the ends, and the square projection with its gateway in the middle. From natural sagacity, they never raise this redoubt on the edge of the wood: but at the bottom of a recess, cleared on purpose, and on each side of the recess, raise breast works of earth or hedge, to gall the approach. The path admits only three men abreast, winds continually, is everywhere commanded by breast-works in the thicket, and has in its course several redoubts, similar to that of the entrance, and like that flanked by breast-works on each hand. Such were the defences of Bobilee: against which Mr. Bussy marched, with 750 Europeans, of whom 250 were horse, four field-pieces, and eleven thousand peons and sepoys, the army of Vizeramrauze, who commanded them in person.

Whilst the field-pieces plied the parapet of the first redoubt at the entrance of the wood, detachments entered into the side of the recess with fire and hatchet, and began to make a way, which tended to bring them in the rear of the redoubt: and the guard, as soon as convinced of their danger, abandoned their station, and joined those in the posts behind; the

same operations continued through the whole path, which was five miles in length, and with the same success, although not without loss. When in sight of the fort, Mr. Bussy divided his troops into four divisions, allotting one, with a field-piece, to the attack of each of the towers. Rangarao was here, with all his parentage, 250 men bearing arms, and nearly twice this number of women and children.

The attack commenced at day-break, on the 24th of January, with the field-pieces against the four towers; and the defenders, lest fire might catch the thatch of the rampart, had pulled it down. By nine o'clock, several of the battlements were broken, when all the leading parties of the four divisions advanced at the same time, with scaling ladders; but, after much endeavour for an hour, not a man had been able to get over the parapet; and many had fallen wounded; other parties followed with as little success, until all were so fatigued, that a cessation was ordered, during which the field-pieces, having beaten down more of the parapet, gave the second attack more advantage: but the ardour of the defence increased with the danger. The garrison fought with the indignant ferocity of wild beasts, defending their dens and families: several of them stood, as in defiance, on the top of the battlements, and endeavoured to grapple with the first ascendants, hoping with them to twist the ladders down; and this failing, stabbed with their lances, but being wholly exposed themselves were easily shot by aim from the

rear of the escalade. The assailants admired, for no Europeans had ever seen such excess of courage in the natives of Indostan, and continually offered quarter, which was always answered by the menace and intention of death: not a man had gained the rampart at two o'clock in the afternoon, when another cessation of the attack ensued, on which Rangarao assembled the principal men, told them there was no hope of maintaining the fort, and that it was immediately necessary to preserve their wives and children from the violation of Europeans, and the more ignominious authority of Vizeramrauze.

A number called without distinction were allotted to the work: they proceeded, every man with a torch, his lance, and poinard, to the habitations in the middle of the fort, to which they set fire indiscriminately, plying the flame with straw prepared with pitch and brimstone, and every man stabbed without remorse, the woman or child, whichsoever attempted to escape the flame and suffocation. Not the helpless infant clinging to the bosom of its mother saved the life of either from the hand of the husband and father. The utmost excesses whether of revenge or rage were exceeded by the atrocious prejudices which dictated and performed this horrible sacrifice. The massacre being finished, those who accomplished it, returned, like men agitated by the furies, to die themselves on the walls. Mr. Law, who commanded one of the divisions, observed, whilst looking at the conflagration, that the number of the defenders was

considerably diminished, and advanced again to the attack: after several ladders had failed, a few grenadiers got over the parapet, and maintained their footing in the tower until more secured the possession. Rangarao hastening to the defence of the tower, was in this instant killed by a musket ball. His fall, increased, if possible, the desperation of his friends; who, crowding to revenge his death, left the other parts of the ramparts bare: and the other divisions of the French troops, having advanced likewise to their respective attacks, numbers on all sides got over the parapet without opposition: nevertheless, none of the defenders quitted the rampart, or would accept quarter: but each fell advancing against, or struggling with, an antagonist: and even when fallen, and in the last agony, would resign his poignard only to death. The slaughter of the conflict being completed, another much more dreadful presented itself in the area below: the transport of victory lost all its joy: all gazed on one another with silent astonishment and remorse, and the fiercest could not refuse a tear to the deplorable destruction spread before them. Whilst contemplating it, an old man, leading a boy was perceived advancing from a distant recess. He was welcomed with much attention and respect, and conducted by the crowd to Mr. Law, to whom he presented the child with these words: "This is the son of Rangarao, whom I have preserved against his father's will". Another emotion now succeeded, and the preservation of this infant was felt by all as some alleviation to

the horrible catastrophe, of which they had been the unfortunate authors. The tutor and the child were immediately sent to Mr. Bussy, who, having heard of the condition of the fort, would not go into it, but remained in his tent, where he received the sacred captives with the humanity of a guardian appointed by the strongest claims of nature, and immediately commanded patents to be prepared, appointing the son lord of the territory which he had offered the father in exchange for the districts of Bobilee; and ordered them to be strictly guarded in the camp from the malevolence of enemies.

The ensuing night and the two succeeding days passed in the usual attentions, especially the care of the wounded, who were many: but in the middle of the third night, the camp was alarmed by a tumult in the quarter of Vizeramauze. Four of the soldiers of Rangarao, on seeing him fall, concealed themselves in an unfrequented part of the fort until the night was far advanced, when they dropped down the walls, and speaking the same language, passed unsuspected through the quarters of Vizeramauze, and gained the neighbouring thickets; where they remained the succeeding days, watching until the bustle of the camp had subsided; when two of them quitted their retreat, and having by their language again deceived those by whom they were questioned, got near the tent of Vizeramrauze; then creeping on the ground they passed under the back part, and entering the tent found him lying on his bed, alone, and asleep.

Vizeramrauze was extremely corpulent, insomuch that he could scarcely rear himself from his seat without assistance; the two men, restraining their very breath, struck in the same instant with their poignards at his heart; the first groan brought in a sentinel, who fired, but missed; more immediately thronged in, but the murderers, heedless of themselves, cried out, pointing to the body, "Look here! we are satisfied". They were instantly shot by the crowd, and mangled after they had fallen; but had stabbed Vizeramrauze in 32 places. Had they failed, the other two remaining in the forest were bound by the same oath to perform the deed, or perish in the attempt.

XV. THE PURITANS AND THE ROYALISTS

BY LORD MACAULAY

From *Milton*

THE Puritans played a great part in the making of England, and their spirit has survived and is still a moving force in English life. They have, however, been much misunderstood, and critics like Matthew Arnold have felt that they retarded the development of national culture. Here in language which is perhaps a little too antithetical and rhetorical, another eminent Victorian draws a contrast between the Puritans and the Royalists, and points out the hidden sources of the strength of Puritanism. Our passage is taken from a book review which Macaulay wrote for the *Edinburgh Review* in August 1825.

WE would speak first of the Puritans, the most remarkable body of men, perhaps, which the world has ever produced. The odious and ridiculous parts of their character lie on the surface. He that runs may read them; nor have there been wanting attentive and malicious observers to point them out. For many years after the Restoration they were the theme of unmeasured invective and derision. They were exposed to the utmost licentiousness of the press and of the stage, at the time when the press and the stage were most licentious. They were not men of letters; they were as a body, unpopular; they could

not defend themselves; and the public would not take them under its protection. They were therefore abandoned, without reserve, to the tender mercies of the satirists and dramatists. The ostentatious simplicity of their dress, their sour aspect, their nasal twang, their stiff posture, their long graces, their Hebrew names, the Scriptural phrases which they introduced on every occasion, their contempt of human learning, detestation of polite amusements, were indeed fair game for the laughers. But it is not from the laughers alone that the philosophy of history is to be learnt. And he who approaches this subject should carefully guard against the influence of that potent ridicule which has already misled so many excellent writers.

‘Ecco il fonte del riso, ed ecco il rio
Che mortali perigli in se contiene;
Hor qui tener a fren nostro desio,
Ed esser cauti molto a nio conviene.’

Those who roused the people to resistance, who directed their measures through a long series of eventful years, who formed, out of the most unpromising materials, the finest army that Europe had ever seen, who trampled down King, Church, and Aristocracy, who, in the short intervals of domestic sedition and rebellion, made the name of England terrible to every nation on the face of the earth, were no vulgar fanatics. Most of their absurdities were mere external badges, like the signs of freemasonry, or the dresses of friars. We regret that these badges were not more attractive. We regret that a body to whose courage and talents mankind has owed inestimable

obligations had not the lofty elegance which distinguished some of the adherents of Charles the First, or the easy good-breeding for which the court of Charles the Second was celebrated. But, if we must make our choice, we shall, like Bassanio in the play, turn from the specious caskets which contain only the Death's head and the Fool's head, and fix on the plain leaden chest which conceals the treasure.

The Puritans were men whose minds had derived a peculiar character from the daily contemplation of superior beings and eternal interests. Not content with acknowledging, in general terms, an overruling Providence, they habitually ascribed every event to the will of the Great Being, for whose power nothing was too vast, for whose inspection nothing was too minute. To know him, to enjoy him, was with them the great end of existence. They rejected with contempt the ceremonious homage which other sects substituted for the pure worship of the soul. Instead of catching occasional glimpses of the Deity through an obscuring veil, they aspired to gaze full on his intolerable brightness, and to commune with him face to face. Hence originated their contempt for terrestrial distinctions. The difference between the greatest and meanest of mankind seemed to vanish, when compared with the boundless interval which separated the whole race from him on whom their own eyes were constantly fixed. They recognized no title to superiority but his favour; and, confident of that favour, they despised all the accomplishments and all

the dignities of the world. If they were unacquainted with the works of philosophers and poets, they were deeply read in the oracles of God. If their names were not found in the registers of heralds, they were recorded in the Book of Life. If their steps were not accompanied by a splendid train of menials, legions of ministering angels had charge over them. Their palaces were houses not made with hands; their diadems crowns of glory which should never fade away. On the rich and the eloquent, on nobles and priests, they looked down with contempt: for they esteemed themselves rich in a more precious treasure, and eloquent in a more sublime language, nobles by the right of an earlier creation, and priests by the imposition of a mightier hand. The very meanest of them was a being to whose fate a mysterious and terrible importance belonged, on whose slightest action the spirits of light and darkness looked with anxious interest, who had been destined, before heaven and earth were created, to enjoy a felicity which should continue when heaven and earth should have passed away. Events which short-sighted politicians ascribed to earthly causes, had been ordained on his account. For his sake empires had risen, and flourished, and decayed. For his sake the Almighty had proclaimed his will by the pen of the Evangelist, and the harp of the prophet. He had been wrested by no common deliverer from the grasp of no common foe. He had been ransomed by the sweat of no vulgar agony, by the blood of no earthly sacrifice. It was for him that the sun had been darkened, that the rocks had been

rent, that the dead had arisen, that all nature had shuddered at the sufferings of her expiring God.

Thus the Puritan was made up of two different men, the one all self-abasement, penitence, gratitude, passion, the other proud, calm, inflexible, sagacious. He prostrated himself in the dust before his Maker: but he set his foot on the neck of his king. In his devotional retirement, he prayed with convulsions, and groans, and tears. He was half-maddened by glorious or terrible illusions. He heard the lyres of angels or the tempting whispers of fiends. He caught a gleam of the Beatific Vision, or woke screaming from dreams of everlasting fire. Like Vane, he thought himself intrusted with the sceptre of the millennial year. Like Fleetwood, he cried in the bitterness of his soul that God had hid his face from him. But when he took his seat in the council, or girt on his sword for war, these tempestuous workings of the soul had left no perceptible trace behind them. People who saw nothing of the godly but their uncouth visages, and heard nothing from them but their groans and their whining hymns, might laugh at them. But those had little reason to laugh who encountered them in the hall of debate or in the field of battle. These fanatics brought to civil and military affairs a coolness of judgment and an immutability of purpose which some writers have thought inconsistent with their religious zeal, but which were in fact the necessary effects of it. The intensity of their feelings on one subject made them tranquil on every other. One

overpowering sentiment had subjected to itself pity and hatred, ambition and fear. Death had lost its terrors and pleasure its charms. They had their smiles and their tears, their raptures and their sorrows, but not for the things of this world. Enthusiasm had made them Stoics, had cleared their minds from every vulgar passion and prejudice, and raised them above the influence of danger and of corruption. It sometimes might lead them to pursue unwise ends, but never to choose unwise means. They went through the world, like Sir Artegal's iron man Talus with his flail, crushing and trampling down oppressors, mingling with human beings, but having neither part nor lot in human infirmities, insensible to fatigue, to pleasure, and to pain, not to be pierced by any weapon, not to be withstood by any barrier.

Such we believe to have been the character of the Puritans. We perceive the absurdity of their manners. We dislike the sullen gloom of their domestic habits. We acknowledge that the tone of their minds was often injured by straining after things too high for mortal reach: and we know that, in spite of their hatred of Popery, they too often fell into the worst vices of that bad system, intolerance and extravagant austerity, that they had their anchorites and their crusades, their Dunstons and their De Montforts, their Dominics and their Escobars. Yet when all circumstances are taken into consideration, we do not hesitate to pronounce them a brave, a wise, an honest, and an useful body.

The Puritans espoused the cause of civil liberty mainly because it was the cause of religion. There was another party, by no means numerous, but distinguished by learning and ability, which acted with them on very different principles. We speak of those whom Cromwell was accustomed to call the Heathens, men who were, in the phraseology of that time, doubting Thomases or careless Gallios with regard to religious subjects, but passionate worshippers of freedom. Heated by the study of ancient literature, they set up their country as their idol, and proposed to themselves the heroes of Plutarch as their examples. They seem to have borne some resemblance to the Brissotines of the French Revolution. But it is not very easy to draw the line of distinction between them and their devout associates, whose tone and manner they sometimes found it convenient to affect, and sometimes, it is probable, imperceptibly adopted.

We now come to the Royalists. We shall attempt to speak of them, as we have spoken of their antagonists, with perfect candour. We shall not charge upon a whole party the profligacy and baseness of the horseboys, gamblers and bravoës, whom the hope of license and plunder attracted from all the dens of Whitefriars to the standard of Charles, and who disgraced their associates by excesses which, under the stricter discipline of the Parliamentary armies, were never tolerated. We will select a more favourable specimen. Thinking as we do that the cause of the King was the cause of bigotry and tyranny, we yet

cannot refrain from looking with complacency on the character of the honest old Cavaliers. We feel a national pride in comparing them with the instruments which the despots of other countries are compelled to employ, with the mutes who throng their anti-chambers, and the Janissaries who mount guard at their gates. Our royalist countrymen were not heartless, dangling courtiers, bowing at every step, and simpering at every word. They were not mere machines for destruction dressed up in uniforms, caned into skill, intoxicated into valour, defending without love, destroying without hatred. There was a freedom in their subserviency, a nobleness in their very degradation. The sentiment of individual independence was strong within them. They were indeed misled, but by no base or selfish motive. Compassion and romantic honour, the prejudices of childhood, and the venerable names of history, threw over them a spell as potent as that of Duessa; and, like the Red-Cross Knight, they thought that they were doing battle for an injured beauty, while they defended a false and loathsome sorceress. In truth they scarcely entered at all into the merits of the political question. It was not for a treacherous king or an intolerant church that they fought, but for the old banner which had waved in so many battles over the heads of their fathers, and for the altars at which they had received the hands of their brides. Though nothing could be more erroneous than their political opinions, they possessed, in a far greater degree than their adversaries, those qualities which are the grace of private life. With many of the

vices of the Round Table, they had also many of its virtues, courtesy, generosity, veracity, tenderness, and respect for women. They had far more both of profound and of polite learning than the Puritans. Their manners were more engaging, their tempers more amiable, their tastes more elegant, and their households more cheerful.

XVI. THE GANDHI ERA

BY JAWAHARLAL NEHRU

From *An Autobiography*

ONE of the great books of our time is Pandit Nehru's Autobiography which tells us of the growth of nationalism in India, and of the part played in it by the distinguished author. Its primary value is for the outside world which may not appreciate correctly the motives and methods of our national movement, but it is also of the first importance that every young Indian student should know and treasure this frank, courageous, and inspiring book. The passage given here describes the entry of Gandhiji into the political arena and its consequences. Nehru has no literary pretences; his simple and straightforward style might well serve as a model to the beginner. The *Autobiography* was, like *Pilgrim's Progress*, written entirely in prison, and it was first published in April 1936.

THIS Special Session at Calcutta began the Gandhi era in Congress politics which has lasted since then, except for a period in the twenties when he kept in the background and allowed the Swaraj Party, under the leadership of Deshbandhu C. R. Das and my father, to fill the picture. The whole look of the Congress changed; European clothes vanished and soon only khadi was to be seen; a new class of delegate, chiefly drawn from the lower middle classes became the type

of Congressman ; the language used became Hindustani, or sometimes the language of the province where the session was held, as many of the delegates did not understand English, and there was also a growing prejudice against using a foreign language in our national work ; and a new life and enthusiasm and earnestness became evident in Congress gatherings.

After the Congress was over Gandhiji paid a visit to the veteran editor of the *Amrita Bazar Patrika*, Syt Motilal Ghose, who was lying on his death-bed. I accompanied him. Motilal Babu blessed Gandhiji and his movement, and he added that, as for himself, he was going away to other regions, and wherever these might be, he had one great satisfaction—he would be somewhere where the British Empire did not exist. At last he would be beyond the reach of this Empire !

On our way back from the Calcutta Special Congress I accompanied Gandhiji to Santiniketan on a visit to Rabindra Nath Tagore and his most lovable elder brother ‘ Boro Dada.’ We spent some days there, and I remember C. F. Andrews giving me some books which interested and influenced me greatly. They dealt with the economic aspects of imperialism in Africa. One of these books—Morell’s *Black Man’s Burden*—moved me greatly.

About this time or a little later, C. F. Andrews wrote a pamphlet advocating independence for India. I think it was called *Independence—the Immediate*

Need. This was a brilliant essay based on some of Seeley's writings on India, and it seemed to me not only to make out an unanswerable case for independence but also to mirror the inmost recesses of our hearts. The deep urge that moved us and our half-formed desires seemed to take clear shape in his simple and earnest language. There was no economic background or socialism in what he had written; it was nationalism pure and simple, the feeling of the humiliation of India and a fierce desire to be rid of it and to put an end to our continuing degradation. It was wonderful that C. F. Andrews, a foreigner and one belonging to the dominant race in India, should echo that cry of our inmost being. Non-co-operation was essentially, as Seeley had said long ago, "the notion that it was shameful to assist the foreigner in maintaining his domination." And Andrews had written that "the only way of self-recovery was through some vital upheaval from within. The explosive force needed for such an upheaval must be generated within the soul of India itself. It could not come through loans and gifts and grants and concessions and proclamations from without. It must come from within . . . Therefore it was with the intense joy of mental and spiritual deliverance from an intolerable burden, that I watched the actual outbreak of such an inner explosive force, as that which actually occurred when Mahatma Gandhi spoke to the heart of India the *mantram*—'Be free! Be slaves no more!' and the heart of India responded.

In a sudden movement her fetters began to be loosened, and the pathway of freedom was opened.”

The next three months witnessed the advancing tide of non-co-operation all over the country. The appeal for a boycott of the elections to the new legislatures was remarkably successful. It did not and could not prevent everybody from going to these councils and thus keep the seats vacant. Even a handful of voters could elect or there might be an unopposed election. But the great majority of voters abstained from voting, and all who cared for the vehemently expressed sense of the country refrained from standing as candidates. Sir Valentine Chirol happened to be in Allahabad on the election day, and he made a round of the polling booths. He returned amazed at the efficiency of the boycott. At one rural polling station, about fifteen miles from Allahabad city, he found that not a single voter had appeared. He gives an account of his experiences in one of his books on India.

The wisdom of this boycott had been questioned by Mr. C. R. Das and others at the Calcutta session, but they stood by the Congress decision. The elections being over, this point of difference was removed, and the next full session of the Congress at Nagpur in December 1920 saw a reunion of many of the old Congress leaders on the plank of non-co-operation. The very success of the movement had convinced many a doubter and waverer.

Many of us who worked for the Congress programme lived in a kind of intoxication during the year 1921. We were full of excitement and optimism and a buoyant enthusiasm. We sensed the happiness of a person crusading for a cause. We were not troubled with doubts or hesitation; our path seemed to lie clear in front of us and we marched ahead, lifted up by the enthusiasm of others, and helping to push on others. We worked hard, harder than we had ever done before, for we knew that the conflict with the Government would come soon, and we wanted to do as much as possible before we were removed.

Above all, we had a sense of freedom and a pride in that freedom. The old feeling of oppression and frustration was completely gone. There was no more whispering, no roundabout legal phraseology to avoid getting into trouble with the authorities. We said what we felt and shouted it out from the house-tops. What did we care for the consequences? Prison? we looked forward to it; that would help our cause still further. The innumerable spies and secret-service men who used to surround us and follow us about became rather pitiable individuals as there was nothing secret for them to discover. All our cards were always on the table.

We had not only a feeling of satisfaction at doing effective political work which was changing the face of India before our eyes and, as we believed, bringing Indian freedom very near, but also an agreeable sense of moral superiority over our opponents, both in

regard to our goal and our methods. We were proud of our leader and of the unique method he had evolved, and often we indulged in fits of self-righteousness. In the midst of strife, and while we ourselves encouraged that strife, we had a sense of inner peace.

Gandhiji, indeed, was continually laying stress on the religious and spiritual side of the movement. His religion was not dogmatic, but it did mean a definitely religious outlook on life, and the whole movement was strongly influenced by this and took on a revivalist character so far as the masses were concerned. The great majority of Congress workers naturally tried to model themselves after their leader and even repeated his language. And yet Gandhiji's leading colleagues in the Working Committee—my father, Deshbandhu Das, Lala Lajpat Rai, and others—were not men of religion in the ordinary sense of the word, and they considered political problems on the political plane only. In their public utterances they did not bring in religion. But whatever they said had far less influence than the force of their personal example—had they not given up a great deal that the world values and taken to simpler ways of living? This in itself was taken as a sign of religion and helped in spreading the atmosphere of revivalism.

I used to be troubled sometimes at the growth of this religious element in our politics, both on the Hindu and the Muslim side. I did not like it at all. Much that Moulvies and Maulanas and Swamis and the like said in their public addresses seemed to me

most unfortunate. Their history and sociology and economics appeared to me all wrong, and the religious twist that was given to everything prevented all clear thinking. Even some of Gandhiji's phrases sometimes jarred upon me—thus his frequent reference to *Ram Raj* as a golden age which was to return. But I was powerless to intervene, and I consoled myself with the thought that Gandhiji used the words because they were well known and understood by the masses. He had an amazing knack of reaching the heart of the people.

But I did not worry myself much over these matters. I was too full of my work and the progress of our movement to care for such trifles, as I thought at the time they were. A vast movement had all sorts and kinds of people in it, and so long as our main direction was correct, a few eddies and backwaters did not matter. As for Gandhiji himself, he was a very difficult person to understand, sometimes his language was almost incomprehensible to an average modern. But we felt that we knew him quite well enough to realise that he was a great and unique man and a glorious leader, and having put our faith in him we gave him an almost blank cheque, for the time being at least. Often we discussed his fads and peculiarities among ourselves and said, half-humorously, that when Swaraj came these fads must not be encouraged.

Many of us, however, were too much under his influence in political and other matters to remain

wholly immune even in the sphere of religion. Where a direct attack might not have succeeded, many an indirect approach went a long way to undermine the defences. The outward ways of religion did not appeal to me, and above all I disliked the exploitation of the people by the so-called men of religion, but still I toned down towards it. I came nearer to a religious frame of mind in 1921 than at any other time since my early boyhood. Even so I did not come very near.

What I admired was the moral and ethical side of our movement and of satyagraha. I did not give an absolute allegiance to the doctrine of non-violence or accept it for ever, but it attracted me more and more, and the belief grew upon me that, situated as we were in India, and with our background and traditions, it was the right policy for us. The spiritualisation of politics, using the word not in its narrow religious sense, seemed to me a fine idea. A worthy end should have worthy means leading up to it. That seemed not only a good ethical doctrine but sound, practical politics, for the means that are not good often defeat the end in view and raise new problems and difficulties. And then it seemed so unbecoming, so degrading to the self-respect of an individual, or a nation to submit to such means, to go through the mire. How can one escape being sullied by it? How can we march ahead swiftly and with dignity if we stoop or crawl?

Such were my thoughts then. And the non-cooperation movement offered me what I wanted—the

goal of national freedom and (as I thought) the ending of the exploitation of the underdog, and the means which satisfied my moral sense and gave me a sense of personal freedom. So great was this personal satisfaction that even a possibility of failure did not count for much, for such failure could only be temporary. I did not understand or feel drawn to the metaphysical part of the Bhagavad Gita, but I liked to read the verses—recited every evening in Gandhiji's ashram prayers—which say what a man should be like: Calm of purpose, serene and unmoved, doing his job and not caring overmuch for the result of his action. Not being very calm or detached myself, I suppose, this ideal appealed to me all the more.

NOTES

I. THE PILGRIM'S BURDEN

John Bunyan (1628-1688)

This is a 17th century text and some words have changed in meaning since Bunyan's time. The student should ascertain the correct meaning of such words.

Page 3. *a book* : the Bible.

Page 4. *a burden* : the burden of sin.

Page 5. *carriages* : behaviour.

Page 6. *Tophet* : Hell. Originally a place in the valley of Hinnom, outside Jerusalem, where the refuse of the city was burnt.

Fly : Matthew 3:7.

Page 7. *inheritance* : 1 Peter 1:4.

Page 8. *laid my hand* : undertaken the task. See Luke 9:62.
slough : the depression that often overcomes a man when he is repentant and is seeking salvation.

Page 10. *Carnal* : belonging to the flesh; materialistic, not spiritual.

Morality, Legality : Bunyan is alluding to the view that a man can be saved by being moral and obeying the law.

Page 12. *Woe* : Isaiah 6:5.

all manner : Matthew 12:31.

Be not : John 20:27.

Lest thou : Psalms 2:12.

Page 13. *Knock* : Matthew 7:7.

Beelzebub : Satan, the enemy of God and man.

Narrow : Matthew 7:14.

- Page 14. *Mount Zion* : The Holy City, Heaven.
Many things : Bunyan depicts many sights shown to the pilgrim by the Interpreter, each of which has an allegorical meaning. They are omitted here.
a goad : Compare Ecclesiastes 12:11.
The Comforter : The Holy Spirit of God.
Shining Ones : angels, representing the three Persons of the Trinity.
Peace : Luke 24:36.
Thy sins : Mark 2:9.
change of raiment : Gen. 45:22.
a mark : Ezekiel 9:4.
The man : Jesus Christ.

You may read, in this connection, Prof. G. M. Trevelyan's essay on Bunyan in "Clio, a Muse and other Essays," which is a fine, modern estimate of the author and his work.

II. A QUAKERS' MEETING

Charles Lamb (1775-1834)

- Page 17. *Fleckno* : Richard Flecknoe was an Irish priest who lived in the 17th century. He wrote several poems and prose works which were printed privately.
- Page 18. *keep thee* : Support thee.
little-faithed : Lamb is alluding to the story of Ulysses who poured wax into the ears of his followers, but tied himself to the mast of his ship, so that he might hear the music of the sirens and yet not be attracted by them.
"Boreas and Cesis" : Paradise Lost, 10:699. These are the north, north-east and north-west winds. Felicity of quotation is one of the characteristics of Lamb's style. But it is not always possible to trace his quotations to their source. See the Introduction in Canon Ainger's edition of the Essays of Elia.
blown : stirred; agitated.
clubbed : joined together; united.
deep : Psalms 42:7.
- Page 19. *Carthusian* : order of monks founded by St. Bruno in 1086.

Zimmermann : A German philosopher and mystic to whom Lamb refers also in his "Two Races of Men."

Abbey Church : This is a highly ornate building. A Quaker meeting place would, by its simplicity, present a striking contrast.

Page 20. *nought-caballing* : plotting nothing at all; from cabal = secret intrigue.

Consistory : ecclesiastical assembly such as the Catholic senate.

Fox : George Fox (1624-91) was the founder of the sect.

Dewesbury : Fox's colleague and friend.

fires of two : The Quakers were persecuted both by the Anglican Royalists and the Presbyterian or Independent Parliamentarians.

Page 21. *Penn* : William Penn (1644-1718) a leading Quaker, became the founder of the American colony of Pennsylvania.

Sewel : William Sewel (1654-1720), Quaker historian. He belonged to a family which had migrated to Holland during the religious persecutions of the 16th century, and he spent most of his time there. His great "History of the Quakers" was written in Dutch in 1717. The English edition appeared in 1722.

Wesley : John Wesley (1703-1791) founded the Methodist Church. At the time of his death Lamb was 16 years old.

Naylor : James Nayler (1617(?)-1660) was one of the most celebrated of the early Quakers. He was treated with almost divine regard by his admirers and was therefore arrested and tried on a charge of blasphemy. Nayler claimed, however, that the honour was paid not to him but to the "Christ in him." The horrible tortures mentioned by Lamb were inflicted on him between the years 1656 and 1657. Nayler was released in 1659.

Page 22. *John Woolman* : (1720-1772) American Quaker. His Journal was much admired by Lamb, and it ranks to-day as one of the English classics. See Trevelyan's "John Woolman, the Quaker" in *Chloë, a Muse*.

dove: In Christian theology the dove represents the Holy Spirit (Matthew 3:16). Compare Milton's "Dove-like satst brooding on the vast Abyss" (Paradise Lost 1:21).

orgasm: Great excitement.

Page 23. *Paul*: Early Christian convert and greatest of missionaries. He was a powerful preacher.

Wit: Literary man, leading a fashionable, bohemian life.

Levites: The priestly class among the Jews. Lamb means the Orthodox priesthood.

Jocos Rissus que: Jest and laughter (Latin).

Dis: Pluto or Dis, the god of the underworld, carried away Persephone (Proserpine) when she was gathering flowers at Enna, in the company of the Cupids or loves. See Paradise Lost, 4:268.

not made: 2 Corinthians 5:1.

Trophonius: a celebrated oracle in a cave near Lebadea in Boeotia (Greece).

unruly: James 3:8.

Page 24. *forty feeding*: from Wordsworth's "Written in March":—

The cattle are grazing
Their heads never raising
There are forty feeding like one.

Whitsun Conferences: Whitsuntide, seven weeks after Easter, is the usual season for conferences in England.

Shining Ones: See Selection I, page 16.

III. THE CATHOLIC CHURCH

James Anthony Froude (1818-1894)

This is an extract from "The Times of Erasmus and Luther."

Page 26. *Apostles*: The band of twelve disciples chosen by Jesus Christ.

Their Master's name: The name of Jesus Christ.

pretensions: claims.

fiery Northern warriors: tribesmen of the Germanic race, such as the Goths.

nor removed: see Deuteronomy 27:17.

- Page 28. *mitre* : Bishop's cap; Pope's tiara.
rail-splitter : for instance, Abraham Lincoln, President of the United States of America, was one.
out of communion : as an excommunicated person.
ordinary : Bishop.
Commissaries : delegates from or representatives of a bishop.
- Page 29. *Archbishop Warham* : (1450(?)–1532) became Archbishop of Canterbury in 1504. He was a great supporter of the rights of the Church. Henry VIII quarrelled with the Pope in 1527 and the Church of England broke away from the Church of Rome in 1534.
Cardinal Wolsey : (1471–1530) was Henry VIII's favourite and rose to be Chancellor from humble beginnings. He fell from favour in 1529 and died broken-hearted in 1530. See Shakespeare's *Henry VIII*.
Convocation : assembly of the clergymen of Canterbury.
- Page 30. *shadow of the Apostles* : see Acts 5:15.
- Page 31. *Plantagenets* : English dynasty (1154–1399).
Chapter House : the building attached to the Abbey in which the *Chapter* or Bishop's council met.
St. Stephen's Chapel : Parliament used to meet here until the chapel was burnt down in 1834.
five and thirty : Froude's *Short Studies* began to appear in 1867. The first Reform Bill was debated in 1832.
Minster : the cathedral; the Abbey itself. The word has nothing to do with *minister*.
- Page 32. *Purgatory* : According to medieval ideas an intermediate stage or place in which souls, saved by the grace of God, have to undergo further cleansing before admission to Heaven. From Latin *purgare* = to cleanse.
- Page 33. *O's and Mac's* : Celtic surnames have usually these prefixes which mean "son or descendant of." "O" is confined to Irish names; "Mac" is found both in Scotland and Ireland. Examples: O'Connell, MacDonald.
- Page 34. *Benedictine or Dominican* : Orders founded by St. Bernard (monks) and St. Dominic (friars).

Man of Sin : Anti-Christ (see 2 Thessalonians 2:3).
Froude is referring to the extreme Protestant view
that the Pope is the Anti-Christ mentioned in the
Bible.

IV. RABINDRANATH TAGORE

Sir Sarvepalli Radhakrishnan (b. 1888)

This presidential address was delivered at a meeting held in
Calcutta in December 1931 in connection with the Seventieth
Birthday celebrations of the poet.

Page 36. *Though our heads*: An echo of W. E. Henley's line:
"My head is bloody but unbowed" from the poem
"Out of the night that covers me."

Page 37. *When we walk*: Compare "When I consider thy
heavens, the work of thy fingers, the moon and the
stars which thou hast ordained, what is man that
thou art mindful of him ?" Psalms 8:3.

Page 39. *Man does not*: Christ's great words in Matthew 4:4.
He is quoting from the Old Testament.

Page 40. *Mahantam*: a great Person, effulgent like the sun,
far removed from darkness.
Anandarupam: that which shines immortal, the
embodiment of bliss.

Page 43. *Upanishads*: the body of theological and philo-
sophical writings that displays the metaphysical
splendours of Hindu thought. Both the texts cited
are from the Upanishads.

Gita: The Bhagavad Gita, the most important of the
Hindu scriptures, is a part of the epic poem *The
Mahabharata*.

Sultan: Monarch; despot.

Page 44. *Hibbert Lectures*: Lectures delivered annually
under the Hibbert foundation, established by John
Hibbert in 1878.

Buddha: India's greatest son; founder of the philo-
sophical and ethical system called Buddhism after
him.

Maitri: sneha: friendliness; tolerance.

Page 45. *The saints do not*: See Matthew 26:6-13.

Holy or a whole: In origin both words are from Old

English *hāl* meaning 'complete, uninjured.' The author draws attention to the significance of this derivation.

V. PARADISE LOST

Samuel Johnson (1709-1784).

- Page 46. *Those little*: The 'minor poems' dealt with in earlier paragraphs.
the second: Johnson would call Homer's *Iliad* the first.
consent: Unanimity; agreement.
- Page 47. *physiology*: natural science.
realising: making real.
attained: obtained mastery over the potentialities of the language.
moderation: arrangement.
Bossu: French critic of the 17th century.
vindicate: Milton wrote: 'Justify the ways of God to men.' *Paradise Lost* 1:26.
- Page 48. *fable*: story; plot.
reasoning: possessing reason.
original parents: Adam and Eve.
consented: acted in harmony.
- Page 49. *of which the*: P. L. 6:221.
Addison: wrote a series of papers on 'Paradise Lost' in the *Spectator* in 1712.
Clarke: A schoolmaster belonging to Hull. Johnson is alluding to his "Essay on study."
- Page 50. *happiness*: felicity. Note the literary meaning of the word.
battle and the council: P. L. Books 2 and 6.
- Page 51. *vulgar*: popular; from Latin *vulgus* = the common people.
immerge: plunge.
Theos apo: Greek for "god from the machine." The phrase is more familiar in its Latin form "*deus ex machina*." In the Greek theatre there was a mechanical contrivance to bring down a god, who descended from the heavens to intervene and help in solving a difficulty.

Page 52. *Aristotle*: (384-322 B. C.) the most famous of Greek thinkers. His *Poetics* is a text book of literary criticism which can be studied with profit even to-day.

Here are no funeral: Book 23 of the *Iliad* describes funeral games; the shield of Achilles is described in Book 18.

The short digressions: These contain some of the most beautiful lines ever written by an English poet. Read especially the first paragraph of Book 3. I do not know of any passage in English poetry which is lovelier or more deeply moving than this. But Johnson is wrong in speaking of them as digressions or superfluities. They have a close connection with the poem and are introduced, not indiscriminately, but when there is a change of scene or theme.

who is the hero: One of the big "problems" of Miltonic study.

Dryden: (1631-1700) the leading poet and critic of the Restoration Age, he knew and admired Milton. But he turned *Paradise Lost* into an opera, and wrote a preface in which he paid a tribute to the blind poet and spoke of his poem as "one of the greatest, most noble, most sublime poems which either this age or nation has produced."

indecently: unbecomingly.

Cato is the hero: The Latin poet Lucan wrote the *Pharsalia*, an epic describing the struggle between Caesar and Pompey. Cato committed suicide in B. C. 46 to avoid submitting to Caesar. He can not be called the hero of Lucan's poem. Quintilian (died 96 A. D.) was a critic who wrote commentaries on the poets.

Page 53. *sublunary*: earthly; literally: under the moon.

Abdiel: P. L. 5:896 and following.

Raphael's reproof: P. L. Book 8.

Page 54. *sublimate*: Johnson is thinking of the meaning the word has in Chemistry.

Page 55. *Dryden expresses it*: Dryden uses the expression in his *Essay of Dramatic Poesy*. Referring to Shakespeare he says, "He needed not the spectacles of books to read nature."

Evangel: See note on Dis. on p. 108. P. I. 4:225

Satan makes: P. L. 2:1017. The Argo was the ship in which Jason and his mariners sailed to fetch the Golden Fleece. They had to pass through the Bosphorus, which is very narrow, to enter the Black Sea or the Euxine. According to Greek legend the channel was guarded by two rocks, the Symplegades or Insulae Cyaneae, which were movable, and rushed together whenever any ship attempted to pass through them, destroying it. The Argo, however, passed through safely and the rocks became stationary.

The strait of Messina which separates Sicily from Italy was similarly protected by a monster Scylla on the Italian side and a whirlpool Charybdis on the Sicilian side. How Ulysses avoided the danger is described in the twelfth book of the *Odyssey*.

vanity: unreality. (Latin. vanus = empty; unreal).

Page 56. *comparing the shield*: P. L. 1:284.

wanting: lacking in or being deprived of the revelation or revealed religion of Christianity.

Ariosto: (1474-1533) celebrated Italian poet, author of *Orlando Furioso*.

pravity: depravity.

Deliverance: the *Gierusalemme Liberata* was written by the Italian poet Tasso in 1581. It may be considered a sacred subject because it deals with the recovery of Jerusalem from the Saracens.

Page 57. *the port*: P. L. 11:8.

Page 58. *Our language*: *Spectator*, 297. Addison's words are: "Our language sank under him, and was unequal to that greatness of soul which furnished him with such glorious conceptions."

discovered: revealed.

Tuscan: Italian. Milton was thoroughly familiar with Italian and composed poems in that language.

What Jonson: Ben Jonson said this in his *Discoveries*.

Butler: in his *Hudibras* 1:1:93. By a Babylonish dialect Butler means a barbarous and crude language. See p. 207.

Page 59. *cannot want*: Cannot be without; must have.

The measure: Johnson is quoting from Milton's preface to P. L. which is entitled "The Verse."

the Earl of Surrey: (1517-47) introduced blank verse

into English. This was a medium which was destined to become the vehicle of the noblest poetry in the hands of Shakespeare and Milton. Surrey's friend Wyatt introduced the sonnet form. Johnson, accustomed to the rhyming poetry of Pope and his school, is unable to appreciate the merits of blank verse.

Raleigh's wild attempt: Sir Walter Raleigh (1552 (?)-1618) who won fame as soldier, seaman, poet and courtier in Queen Elizabeth's reign, was imprisoned by James I in 1603 and released in 1616 in order to find a gold mine on the Orinoco river in Guiana. It is not clear whether Johnson is referring to this expedition or to an earlier one, which Raleigh himself described in *The Discovery of Guiana* (1596). Johnson is probably alluding to a poem entitled *De Guiana* which appeared in Hakluyt's *Voyages* (1598).

Trisino: (1478-1550) was a pioneer in the use of blank verse in Italian.

Page 60. *an ingenious critic*: Probably one Mr. Lock who was known to Johnson.

lapidary style: the bombastic style affected by those who compose inscriptions for monuments. (Latin. lapis = stone).

the Italian writers: Milton does not mention any one by name. Johnson's comment is absurd.

confuted by the ear: One reason why Johnson could not appreciate Milton unreservedly was that he did not have a good ear for music. He was not conscious of this defect. A sensitiveness to sound effects is the foundation of all poetic appreciation.

Page 64. *that vigour*: Johnson means Homer, the "father of epic poetry."

VI. MY BOOKS

James Henry Leigh Hunt (1784-1859)

Hunt left for Italy in 1821 and spent a few years in that country. This essay was written in his Italian home and published in July 1823 in the *Literary Examiner*, a journal founded by himself and his brother.

Page 66. C. L.: Charles Lamb.

We had talk: from Boswell's Life of Johnson.

a southern climate: Italy, being in Southern Europe, is warmer than England. Genoa, however, is in one of the northern provinces and is therefore colder than places further south. Hunt used to take a brisk walk in the cold weather and come home to enjoy the fire, as is commonly done in England.

Page 67. *not nearer*: The distance from John o'Groats to Land's End is about 600 miles; that from England to Italy is less.

"play the devil": as Dr. Faustus did in the old story.

Page 68. *Epictetus*: Stoic philosopher (of the 1st century A.D.) who preached endurance and abstinence.

Montaigne: (1533-1592) French philosopher and writer, author of the famous "Essais."

distract: distracted (French).

Page 69. *Gil Blas*: The hero of Le Sage's romance. "The Adventures of Gil Blas."

the Round Table: The table around which King Arthur and his knights sat. He made it round in order that none of them might claim precedence over others.

His library: see Charles Lamb's delightful essay "Detached Thoughts on Books and Reading."

Page 70. *Mr. Southey*: Robert Southey (1774-1843) was a Radical in his youth and dreamed, along with Coleridge, of founding an ideal republic, which the young enthusiasts called a Pantisocracy. But he outgrew his Radicalism, was appointed Poet Laureate in 1813, and had to write annual New year odes to the King.

Jeremy Collier: (1650-1726) Wrote the "Short View of the Immorality and Profaneness of the Stage" in 1698. This led to a great controversy in which Dryden also took part.

lion: Martin Luther (1483-1546) the great German Reformer. He was a man of strong opinions and not tolerant towards the smaller Christian sects whose doctrines were different from those of Lutheranism. *Sewell*: see p. 21.

Guzman: Hero of the Spanish novel bearing his name, written by Mateo Aleman (1547-c. 1614). It was translated into English in 1622.

Sir Charles Grandison: the hero of the famous novel written by Samuel Richardson (1689-1761).

Duchess of Newcastle: (1624(?) - 1674) She wrote many plays, essays etc. Lamb liked her immensely and referred to her as "that princely woman, the thrice noble Margaret of Newcastle."

W. H.: probably William Hazlitt.

Page 71. *I borrow books*: Lamb in "The two Races of Men" describes borrowers of books as "mutilators of collections, spoilers of the symmetry of shelves, and creators of odd volumes."

Page 72. *Sir Fretful Plagiary*: a character in Sheridan's *Critic rolled*: in ancient times books were in the form of scrolls.

Page 73. *Dr. Orkborne*: an eccentric tutor in Fanny Burney's novel *Camilla* (1796).

Chaucer: The scholar is one of the characters described by Chaucer in his Prologue to the *Canterbury Tales*.

Dante puts Homer: Dante Alighieri (1265-1321) the greatest of Italian poets wrote the "Divina Commedia" which has three parts: the *Paradiso*, the *Inferno* and the *Purgatorio*. By Dante's *Elysium Hunt* means his *Paradiso* or Heaven where the poet meets the spirits of the immortal dead.

Petrarch (1304-1374): another great name in Italian poetry.

Page 74. *Boccaccio* (1313-1375): Petrarch's contemporary, and author of the story book *the Decameron*, which has provided material for many English poets, from Shakespeare down to Keats.

resuscitation: The Renaissance or Revival of Learning which began in Italy in the 14th century.

Dark ages: the Middle Ages are often called the Dark Ages.

Cui Cieco: Italian for "which is wrongly called blind by the blind crowd." Hunt means that he likes to picture a lover of books either in the Dark Ages, or in the Restoration period (after 1660) in England when public morals were at a low ebb.

Rochester: the second Earl of Rochester (1648-80) was a poet and libertine, who wrote a "Satire against mankind" in 1675.

Boileau: Nicolas Boileau (1636-1711) was a French poet and critic.

Butler: Samuel Butler (1612-80) author of the "Hudibras". See p. 203.

douodecimo: small sized book in which each leaf is one-twelfth of a sheet.

periwigs: wigs were fashionable in the 17th century. *petit-maitres* means fops or dandies.

"*the bays*": literary renown; originally a crown made of bay or laurel leaves awarded to a victor in a poetic contest.

Page 75. *Delphos*: Apollo, the god of learning.
the order of St. Michael: a French title.

Page 76. *And as for: can: know; hem yeve: them give; gone: go: comen: come; foules: birds; ginnen: begin*
The language is Middle English.

Page 77. *Izaak Walton*: see Selection IX.

the divines: clergymen. Most of Walton's friends were clergymen and like Walton they were devoted to the pastime of angling. Hunt remarks humorously that the Devil and his friends are also anglers. He is quoting Lear 3; 6:8.

Selden: John Selden (1584-1654) was a lawyer, orientalist and Parliamentarian. His "Table Talk" appeared in 1689.

Drayton's Polyolbion: was written in 1622.

Chapman: (1559-1634) translator of Homer.

Pythagoras: (6th cent. B. C.) Greek philosopher whose name is associated with the idea of transmigration.

Ovid: (43 B. C.-17 A.D.) Latin poet wrote the *Metamorphoses*.

Horace: (65-8 B. C.) Latin poet, famous for his satires and odes.

Page 78. *Muoiono*: Italian for "Cities perish, kingdoms disappear, and yet man is angry because he must die." Hunt gives his own translation in the preceding sentence.

Academus: is supposed to have owned the grove in Athens which became later Plato's favourite resort for teaching his pupils.

Prior: Matthew Prior (1664-1721) was one of the neatest of English epigrammatists.

like the compressed: see *Paradise Lost*, Book I. concluding paragraph. The lesser angels were reduced in size and became like bees round a hive.

VII. THE DISCOVERY OF SANSKRIT

Holger Pederson (b. 1867)

- Page 81.** *Indo-European*: This is the correct term to use for the people who spoke a language which later broke up into Sanskrit, English, Latin, Greek and other languages. Earlier historians called them Aryans
delicate script: The Devanagari script which according to scholars, is ultimately derived from a Semitic alphabet.
- Page 83.** *non-Indo-European languages*: The Dravidian languages (Telugu, Tamil, Kannāda, Malayalam etc.), and the Munda or Kolarian languages such as Savara, do not belong to the Indo-European family.
- The Gypsies*: This term is sometimes erroneously used of various tribes in India such as the Koravas or the Lambadis. But the Gypsies proper left India many centuries ago and their descendants are found in many parts of the world, but not in India. George Borrow's *Romany Rye* and *Lavengro* are good novels based on Gypsy life.
- 'travellers'*: vagrant thieves.
- Bonaventura Vulcanius*: A philologist who published a book in 1597 pointing out the relation between Persian and the Germanic languages.
- Page 84.** *Sir William Jones*: (1746-94) was Judge of the Calcutta High Court from 1783 until his death. He was a fine Oriental scholar, and he made the statement quoted by the author at a meeting of the Bengal Asiatic Society in Calcutta.
- Napoleon's continental blockade*: As part of his campaign which aimed at the destruction of England, Napoleon issued his decrees in 1806 declaring the British isles to be in a state of blockade.
- Page 85.** *Schlegel*: The Schlegel brothers were pioneers in linguistic study. Friedrich (1772-1829) published his book "On the Language and Philosophy of the Hindus" in 1808, and it created a great interest in Indian culture. Wilhelm (1767-1845) specialised in Sanskrit philology.
- Franz Bopp*: (1791-1867) was a much greater philologist than the Schlegels. Pedersen refers to his

essay on 'The Inflectional system of Sanskrit' which appeared in 1816 and laid the foundation of comparative linguistics. Bopp began a Comparative Grammar of the Indo-European languages in 1833 and finished it in 1852.

Page 86. *follow this lode star*: A lode star (from Old English *lâd* = path, way) is a star which points out the way. Metaphorically the expression means "a guiding principle." The author means that the pioneers were so impressed by Sanskrit that they imagined that it was the oldest Indo-European language, if not the parent language itself. This, of course, is wrong. While Sanskrit stands very close to the parent Indo-European language in many ways, it shows some forms which are not as old as those preserved by other languages, e.g. Lithuanian *esti* (is) is older than Sanskrit *asti* and Greek *kleves* (fame) is older than Sanskrit *s'ravas*.

Page 87. *Vulpes*: Latin *vulpes* has nothing to do with *pes*; the former is from a root seen in English *wolf* and Sanskrit *vrkas*, the latter from the root seen in English *foot* and Sanskrit *pada*. That the Latin grammarians should connect the two roots shows how ignorant they were of analysis.

Vowel-changes: Scholars call this type of vowel change Ablaut or Gradation. An original vowel appears in different grades in different forms of one root. English *lead* and *lode* (*star*), Sanskrit *blṛtya* and *bhara*, Latin *datus* and *donum* show ablaut.

VIII. HOW I BEGAN

Archibald Joseph Cronin (b. 1896)

A few celebrated modern writers were asked to contribute to an anthology an essay each on 'how they began,' and here is Dr. Cronin's account of how he became an author.

Page 89. *Arnold Bennett*: recent novelist and critic (1867-1931), best known for his novels on the Pottery Towns and his book reviews.

Ethel Mannin: (b. 1900) Started her literary career

when she was 17 by becoming joint editor of *The Pelican*. Her first novel appeared in 1923.

demiurge: creative faculty.

Rx: Prescriptions begin with R which stands for Latin *recipere* = receive.

liaison: Contact.

Page 90. *Nemesis*: revenge; retribution; punishment. A goddess in Greek mythology.

bromides: drugs to soothe the nerves.

a *destiny*: Cronin is thinking of Shakespeare's "There's a divinity that shapes our ends. Rough-hew them how we will" (*Hamlet* 5:2) and playing on the word *ends*.

West End: The fashionable part of London where the richer classes live.

gastric stomach: The word *gastric* itself means 'pertaining to the stomach' (from Greek *gasteros* = stomach). Hence the absurdity of the expression.

hoist with: beaten with my own weapons; caught in my own trap. See *Hamlet* 3:4:207.

Harley Street: England's best physicians live in this street in London.

Mudie's: well-known London book-shop.

Benger's: a patent milk food.

Page 91. *Inveraray*: A beauty spot in the Scottish Highlands.

Page 93. *d'Argenton*: a character in "Jack" written by Alphonse Daudet in 1876.

Page 94. in *Vanity Fair*: Thackeray's masterpiece was published in 1848.

Page 96. *Alice*: Lewis Carroll's 'Alice's adventures in Wonderland' is the delight of all youngsters and of many grown-ups too. The interview with the Cheshire Cat is one of the most amusing incidents in the book. Dr. Cronin seems to have had the book in mind when he wrote *Hatter's Castle* for the Mad Hatter is one of Carroll's characters.

Page 97. *pashas*: prominent men; those who control affairs. The word is used with a tinge of irony.

James Barrie: Scottish writer. Creator of Peter Pan (1904)

Page 99. *Book Society*: an organisation which selects the most outstanding of new publications and recommends them.

IX. ANGLING AS A PASTIME

Izaak Walton (1593-1688)

This is an extract from the first chapter of *The Compleat Angler* which was published in 1653. The book is, in the author's words, "a conference betwixt an Angler, a Falconer, and a Hunter, each commending his recreation." Piscator or Angler is speaking here of his favourite pastime.

Page 103. *Deucalion's flood*: According to Greek mythology, when Zeus destroyed the human race by a flood. Deucalion and Pyrrha were the only mortals saved. The story is very much like that of Noah's ark.

Belus: son of Poseidon or Neptune, popularly supposed to be the founder of Babylon.

Seth: Genesis 4:25.

derived: obtained; gathered.

Page 104. *Noah's flood*: Genesis, chapter 7.

Amos: See Amos 4:2. Amos lived about 800 B. C.

Job: one of the oldest books in the Bible, the life portrayed in it takes us back to a period anterior to the days of Moses. The authorship is doubtful.

fond: foolish.

Page 105. *cloisteral*: cloistered; living in seclusion.

the fathers: Christian writers of the first five centuries.

physic: the art of healing.

Page 106. *Pet. du Moulin*: (1601-1684) best known for his anonymous attack on Milton entitled "The Cry of the King's Blood." He wrote a "Treatise of Peace and Contentment of the Soul" in 1657.

Page 107. *Cumden*: (1551-1623) antiquary and historian.

Page 108. *Josephus*: (A. D. 37-100) Jewish historian.

Sabbath: the Jewish day of rest (Saturday).

Pliny: or Pliny the Elder (23-79) Roman soldier, scholar and scientist. He perished in the eruption of Vesuvius which he went to study. His "Natural History" consists of 37 parts.

Philosopher: Scientist.

Cadara: an island in the Red sea.

Page 109. *Casaubon*: (1559-1614) French Huguenot scholar, was in London from 1610 to 1614.

John Tredecant: (1608-1662) made a collection of curiosities which became the nucleus of the Ashmolean collection.

Elias Ashmole: (1617-1692) an antiquary and astrologer, he improved TreDESCANT's collection and presented it to the Oxford University. It is now lodged in the Ashmolean building named after him.

Page 111. *Gesner*: Konrad von Gesner (1516-1565) might be called the founder of modern zoology. He was known as the Pliny of Germany.

Ausonius: Roman poet of the fourth century A. D., author of "De Natura Animalium" or Natural History.

They that occupy: Psalms 107:24. This text appears in the Authorised version as follows:—"They that go down to the sea in ships, that do business in great waters; these see the works of the Lord, and his wonders in the deep."

X. DELHI AND AGRA

Reginald Heber (1783-1826)

Page 112. *Cabul*: Bishop Heber's horse.

Westminster and Southwark: now suburbs of London.

Page 113. *glacis*: a bank sloping down from a fort.

gothic: in architecture the term *gothic* was used originally in the sense *not classical*, and was applied to the type that prevailed in Western Europe in the Middle Ages. Its chief characteristic is the pointed arch.

Carnarvon: famous castle erected by Edward I in Wales. It is now called Caernarvon.

Machicollated: furnished with openings.

barbican: double tower over gate.

Page 114. *Kremlin*: a citadel in Moscow, is the seat of the Russian Government.

Windsor: A castle 22 miles from London, is the summer residence of the Kings of England.

Humaions tomb: Humayun, Babar's son and the father of Akbar, died in 1556.

Caffa: now called Theodosia.

Patan: It is wrong to call all the sultans of Delhi from 1206 to 1450 Pathans or Afghans. Very few of them were Pathans. Sher Shah's family, with whom Humayun and Akbar had to contend for Delhi, were Pathans.

Indraput: the capital of the Pandavas in the *Mahabharata*. The village of Indarpat on the Jumna between Shahjahan's Delhi and Humayun's tomb marks the site of the ancient city, called *Indraprastha* in the classics.

Page 116. *Acbar Shah*: After the death of Aurangzeb in 1707 the power of the Mughals declined rapidly and the emperors were rulers only in name. Akbar II was the titular emperor from 1806 to 1837.

All Souls: All Souls College, Oxford. It derives its name from the fact that it was founded by a friend of Henry V in order that prayers might be offered there for "all the souls" who fell in the war with France.

Tamerlane: Amir Timur, called Tamerlane or Tamburlaine in English literature, was a Turk who invaded India in 1398. Babur, who came to our country late in 1525, was his descendant. The dynasty founded by Babur is known as the Mughal line, because he was a Mughal or Mongol by race. The Mongols were a central Asiatic people related to the Chinese and very different from the Arabs or the Persians.

Lalla Rookh: Thomas Moore (1779-1852) wrote his *Lalla Rookh*, a poem based on Indian history, in 1817.

Elysium: Heaven or Paradise.

Page 117. *parterres*: level spaces with flower beds.

Jonquils: pale yellow flowers.

Page 118. *vizier*: minister.

Orpheus: the wonderful musician in Greek mythology whose harp attracted not only the wild beasts but also the trees and rocks so that they followed him.

Coss: a measure of distance varying from one and a quarter to four miles.

Page 119. *Alhambra*: a palace built by the Moors in Granada in Southern Spain, it contains the finest specimens of Moorish architecture in Europe.

Page 120. *Cornelian, agate and jasper*: various kinds of coloured stone.

Lord Hastings: Governor-General 1818-1823.

budgerow: a keelless barge much used by Europeans on the Ganges and other rivers.

its beauty rather exceeded: The Taj Mahal is reputed to be the most beautiful building in the world. It

commemorates the great love of Shah Jahan for his wife Mumtaz Mahal. (Noor Jehan mentioned by the author was not his wife but Jahangir's). Queen Mumtaz died in 1631. The Taj was begun in 1632 and completed in 1653.

XI. ON THE PLEASURE OF PAINTING

William Hazlitt (1778-1830)

This essay first appeared in the London Magazine in December 1820.

Page 122. *'There is a pleasure'*: An adaptation of Cowper's: "There is a pleasure in poetic pains which only poets know."—The Task, 2:285.

Page 123. *'no juggling here'*: Cf. "such juggling." Troilus and Cressida, 2:3:77.

'study with joy': See Cowper's Task, 3:227.

Spolia opima: rich spoils.

Page 124. *more tedious*: see King John 3:4:108.

'My mind to me': The first line of Sir Edward Dyer's well-known poem.

'set a throne': from Bacon's Advancement of Learning, 1:8:8.

Page 125. *Pure in the last*: Dryden's Satires of Persius, 2:133.

Page 126. *'Palpable to feeling'*: Cf. Shakespeare's 'palpable to thinking' Othello, 1:2:76.

Rubens: Hazlitt alludes to many painters in this essay. The student may obtain details concerning them from any biographical dictionary. Rubens was Flemish, Rembrandt, Jan Steen, Gerard Dow and Vandyke were Dutch, Wilson was Welsh, Claude was French, Reynolds, Northcote and Opie were English, Michael Angelo, Correggio, Leonardo da Vinci, Andrea del Sarto and Raphael were Italian. This list includes some of the world's most eminent artists.

'light thickened': Macbeth 3:2:50.

Page 127. *One of the most delightful*: Hazlitt is referring to the summer at Winterslow in 1809.

The first head: This is preserved in the Maidstone Museum.

Page 128. *If art was long*: An allusion to the Latin saying

"*Ars longa vita brevis*" meaning "art is long but life is short."

Page 129. *Chiaro scuro*: light and shade (Italian).

Page 130. 'as in a glass': 1 Corinthians 13:12.

Casuist philologist: quibbling scholar.

'mist, the common gloss': Paradise Lost. 5:435.

Page 131. *Richardson*: Jonathan Richardson's Essays appeared in 1719. The story is told in Vasari's Lives of the Painters. Vasari was an Italian painter of the 16th century.

Page 133. *That you might almost*: Hazlitt is quoting from Donne's Anatomy of the World, Second Anniversary, 245: "That one might almost say her body thought."

Abraham Tucker: (1705-1774) wrote in seven volumes, "The Light of Nature pursued." Hazlitt published an abridgement of this work in 1807.

Page 134. *ennui*: tiresomeness.

Shaftesbury: Anthony Ashley Cooper, Earl of Shaftesbury (1671-1713) published his "Characteristics" just before his death.

as lieve: archaic for "Wished rather."

riches fineless: Othello, 3:3:173.

Page 135. *Written a sermon*: Hazlitt's father was a Unitarian minister.

'*ever in the haunch*': 2 Henry IV, 4:4:92.

Exhibition: The exhibition organised by the Royal Academy was opened at Somerset House, London, in 1802.

Skeffington: (1771-1850) was a dramatist and friend of the Prince Regent.

Page 136. *Austerlitz*: Dec. 2, 1805. Napoleon's victory over Russia and Austria.

Platonic year: see Plato's Timaeus, 38. The Platonic year consists of 26,000 years.

Livy: Latin writer, prescribed usually for class work in grammar.

the chapel: in Noble Street, Wem. It is now a garage.

is gone: Hazlitt's father died on July 16, 1820, and he had his father in mind when he wrote this essay.

of faith: The three Christian virtues. See 1 Corinthians, 13.

XII. THE BEAUTY OF NATURE

Ralph Waldo Emerson (1803-1882)

This is an extract from an essay on Nature which appeared in 1836.

Page 138. *Integrity*: oneness.

Miller owns: Emerson is referring to his neighbours.

The names may be imaginary.

Page 139. *Maugre*: in spite of.

Page 140. *Connate*: Having the same origin.

Page 142. *Wheat-ear*: A small bird, more commonly called the stone-chat.

Page 143. *The dawn is*: Emerson means that Nature would give him as much joy as the glory of empire (Assyria), the pleasures of love (Paphos), the romance of fairy lands (faerie) the charms of poetry (England) and the raptures of philosophy (Germany). Assyria, with her capital at Nineveh, was one of the most celebrated empires of the ancient world. Paphos, in Cyprus, was the birthplace of Aphrodite the goddess of love and beauty.

Calices: cups, plural of *calyx*.

Page 144. *gala*: show; "tamasha."

Page 145. *Sallust*: (B. C. 86-84) Roman historian.

Gibbon: See selection XIII.

Leonidas: The heroic king of Sparta who fell defending the pass of Thermopylae against the Persian army in B. C. 480.

Winkelried: According to Swiss tradition this patriot made a gap in the serried ranks of the Austrian army at the battle of Sempach in 1386, by rushing at them with the cry "Make way for Liberty" and gathering their spears into his person. The stories of Leonidas and Winkelried will be found in Charlotte Yonge's *Book of Golden Deeds*.

Page 146. *Sir Harry Vane*: (1612-1662) English statesman and patriot, he was a member of Cromwell's Council of State. He was put to death by the Restoration government.

Lord Russell: (1639-1683) Charles II accused him unjustly of implication in the Rye House Plot and had him executed.

Phocion: (B. C. 402-317) Athenian general and statesman, he was unfairly suspected of supporting the

Macedonians against his own city and compelled to drink the hemlock when he was 85 years old.

Page 147. *ancillary*: subordinate.

Page 148. *il piu nelluno*: The many in the one.

XIII. THE ROMAN ARMY

Edward Gibbon (1737-1794)

This description of the Roman army is from Chapter I of "The History of the Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire." The chapter is entitled "The Extent & Military Force of the Empire in the Age of the Antonines." The emperors who ruled from A. D. 96 to A. D. 180 are known as the Antonines; the most celebrated of them was Marcus Aurelius.

Page 151. *the Commonwealth*: Rome had a republican government until B. C. 31, when Augustus declared himself emperor.

Page 152. *Levies*: military enrolments.
resolution: resoluteness.

Page 153. *donatives*: presents.

Page 154. *the name*: Latin *exercitus*.

the Pyrrhic: a mimic war-dance of Greek origin.

Page 155. *an ancient*: Josephus (see p. 211). He took part in the Jewish revolt against Roman rule in A. D. 66.
Hadrian as well as Trajan: the third and second Antonines.

tactics: management of a battle.

Polybius: (B. C. 204-122) a Greek historian who lived as a hostage in Rome seventeen years.

the Punic Wars: the wars against the Carthaginians (Latin: *Poeni*) which were fought from B. C. 265 to B. C. 146, and ended in the destruction of Carthage.

Caesar: Julius Caesar, one of the ablest generals produced by Rome.

Page 156. *Spanish blade*: Spain has long been famous for the excellence of its swords. Cf. Shakespeare's "It is a sword of Spain, the ice-brook's temper" (*Othello*).

Page 157. *files as well as ranks*: In a military formation the rank is the line that runs horizontally, the file the line which runs vertically.

Phalanx: the term employed in Greek military science for a line of battle.

- Page 158. *the equestrian order*: In ancient Rome the *equites* or knights (from Latin *equus* = horse) formed one of the higher social divisions.
Cappadocia: in Asia Minor.
Provincials: inhabitants of the provinces of the Roman empire as distinguished from Roman citizens.
- Page 160. *broke*: 18th century form of *broken*.
- Page 162. *Rhaetia*: now a part of Switzerland.
Noricum: Part of Southern Germany; *Pannonia*: the country between the Danube and the Alps; *Moesia*: now parts of Yugoslavia and Bulgaria; *Dacia*: now part of Bulgaria and Rumania.
of Tyre: the cities mentioned by Gibbon were founded by the Phoenicians, a Semitic people who were the most enterprising navigators of the ancient world. We owe our alphabet to them. See p. 208.
- Page 163. *destruction*: see note on the Punic Wars.
extirpation: Piracy in Roman waters was suppressed by Pompey in B. C. 47.
Actium: It was this victory gained in B. C. 31 by Augustus over Mark Antony that made him the ruler of the Roman world. See note above on the *commonwealth*.
Liburnians: from Liburnia, a part of Illyricum on the Adriatic sea, now in Yugoslavia.
- Page 164. *a monarch*: Louis XIV of France, 1643-1715, an exceedingly powerful king and the central figure of European politics in his time.

XIV. THE BATTLE OF BOBBILI

Robert Orme (1728-1801)

This account is from Volume II of Orme's History. The story begins in December 1757, when the Northern Sarkars were under the control of the French for collection of revenue.

- Page 165. *Mr. Bussy*: Bussy, or to give him his full designation, Charles Joseph Patissier, Marquis de Bussy-Castellau, was commander of the French forces and adviser of Salabat Jang, the Nizam.

Bezaora: Bezwada.

- Page 166. *Ibrahim Cawn*: Ibrahim Khan had been raised by Bussy from the position of a company commander to that of governor of Chicacole. But in 1756 he

disavowed French authority and declared himself subject only to Salabat Jang. He did so because the French army had had some trouble at Charnahal in Hyderabad and he thought they were too far away to punish him.

Vizeramrauze: Vijayaramaraju was the ruler of Vijayanagaram.

Jaggernaut in Orissa: Jagannath or Puri in Orissa.

Polygars: the word (Telugu *palegadu*, Tamil *palayak-karan*) properly means the commander of a *palem* or military encampment. Orme calls the zemindars or landed proprietors of the Telugu country "the northern Polygars."

pretend: claim. See p. 198.

Page 168. *improved*: took advantage of.

singular: peculiar; unique.

battery: assault; attack.

Page 170. *without*: outside.

gall: hinder, harass.

field-pieces: cannon.

Page 172. *escalade*: the party attempting to scale the walls.

admired: wondered.

Page 174. *patents*: letters patent conferring authority and right to possession.

the same language: Telugu.

XV. THE PURITANS AND THE ROYALISTS

Thomas Babington Macaulay (1800-1859)

This essay first appeared as a book review. Milton wrote a Latin treatise on Christian doctrine entitled "De Doctrina Christina" and an English translation of this work by Charles R. Sumner was published in 1825. Macaulay reviewed this book in the *Edinburgh Review* in August 1825, giving a splendid picture of the age of Milton. Until Macaulay and Carlyle pointed out the great contribution that the Puritans had made to English life it was customary to scoff at them as ridiculous hypocrites. Their true worth is now recognised by every competent historian.

Page 176. *runs may*: the language is biblical.

the Restoration: after the failure of the republican experiment monarchy was restored in 1660 in the person of Charles II.

- Page 177. *the satirists*: for example Butler. See p. 207.
graces: prayers offered before or after meals.
Hebrew names: the Puritans used to give their children names like Kerenhappuch or Habakkuk from the Old Testament.
- Ecco il*: Here is the fountain of laughter and here the river in which there are hidden dangers. Now it behoves us to restrain our desire and to be very cautious.
- roused the people*: against the tyranny of Charles I and his advisers.
- finest army*: Cromwell's New Model Army.
- Page 178. *like Bassanio*: Merchant of Venice, Act I. Bassanio chose the leaden casket in which the portrait of Portia was hidden and thereby won her hand.
- To know him*: Compare the words of the Scottish Catechism on the object of human creation: To know God and to enjoy Him for ever.
- Page 179. *the oracles of God*: the Bible and biblical literature.
- If their names*: the registers of heralds contained the names of the aristocratic houses and the heraldic devices to which they were entitled. In the Book of Life are the names of those "that fear the Lord and think upon His name." See Malachi 3:16.
- houses not made*: 2 Corinthians 5:1. See p. 28.
- who had been destined*: the doctrine of Pre-destination, an important dogma in Calvinist theology, played a great part in determining the character of the Puritans.
- no common deliverer*: Christ had saved them from Satan.
- sweat of no*: Macaulay is alluding to Christ's agony in the garden of Gethsemane (Mark 14:32-42) and to his sufferings and death on the cross. The incidents mentioned in the next sentence occurred at the time of Christ's death.
- Page 180. *the Beatific Vision*: the blessed sight of God himself, the *visio beatifica* of the mystics.
- everlasting fire*: Hell.
- Vane*: Sir Henry Vane (1612-1662) was a leading Parliamentarian. (See p. 216). The Bible speaks of the Millennium (one thousand years) in which Christ will reign on the earth along with his saints. Some Puritans believed that the reign had begun.

in their day and Vane imagined that he was entrusted with the duty of announcing it.

Fleetwood: (d. 1692) was a Parliamentary general, who married Cromwell's daughter and was appointed Lord-deputy of Ireland.

Page 181. *Sir Artegall's iron man*: In Spenser's *Faerie Queene* Sir Artegall, who finally marries Britomart, has an attendant named Talus who helps him in his adventures.

anchorites: hermits. *crusades*: expeditions undertaken in the eleventh and twelfth centuries for the recovery of Jerusalem from the Saracens.

Dunstons: St. Dunstan was Archbishop of Canterbury in the tenth century.

De Montforts: Simon de Montfort, the father of the English Parliament, lived in the reign of Henry III.

Dominics: St. Dominic founded the Order of the Black Friars. *Escobars*: Escobar was a Spanish Jesuit of the seventeenth century with whom the doctrine that the end justifies the means is associated. What Macaulay means that these different types of religious leaders were found among the Puritans also.

Page 182. *the Heathens*: As Macaulay explains, the Puritans were supported by another body of men whose interests were wholly secular.

doubting Thomases: because Thomas, the disciple of Jesus Christ, doubted the reality of the Resurrection, a sceptical follower is often called a doubting Thomas. See John 20:24-29.

careless Gallios: is a common term of reproach in the Puritan literature of the seventeenth century. See Acts 18:12-17.

Brissotines: Brissot was a Girondist leader and enemy of Robespierre during the French Revolution. He was guillotined in 1793. His followers were called Brissotines.

Whitefriars: a district in London.

Page 183. *mutes*: eunuchs employed in many oriental courts as attendants. *Janissaries*: similar attendants at a Turkish court.

Duessa: In Spenser's *Faerie Queene*, Book I, a false enchantress named Duessa simulates Una and deceives the Red Cross Knight.

Page 184. *the Round Table*: see p. 205.

XVI. THE GANDHI ERA

Jawaharlal Nehru (b. 1889)

Page 185. *This special session*: met at Calcutta in 1920.

Deshbandhu C. R. Das: the great nationalist leader was a native of Bengal. Popular opinion conferred on him the title Deshbandhu which means "Friend of the Nation."

my father: Pandit Motilal Nehru.

fill the picture: occupy the most prominent positions

Page 186. *C. F. Andrews*: (1871-1940) lover of India, friend of Tagore and Gandhiji and devoted servant of Jesus Christ. He was called Dinabandhu (Friend of the poor) and he gave his life to the service of humanity. His best book is *What I owe to Christ*.

Seeley: Sir John Robert Seeley (1834-1895) English historian, author of *Ecce Homo*, *The Expansion of England* and other distinguished works.

Page 190. *Lala Lajpat Rai*: called the Lion of the Punjab.

Page 191. *blank cheque*: complete freedom of action.

fads: favourite ideas; peculiar notions.

